JOHN BULL, week ending Dec. 26, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1906

3d. EVERY THURSDAY

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO OUR READERS

LET US REMEMBER...

By the EDITOR

She Saves Half A Bucket of Coal Every Washday

NEW WARTIME WASHING METHOD USES LESS FUEL, LESS WATER

A HOUSEWIFE accustomed to using coal for heating the water for Monday's wash actually saves 9 lbs. of coal (about half a bucketful) every washday, by using this new wartime method instead of boiling clothes. If you use gas you save 40 cubic feet of gas every week.

The Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories have been experimenting to find a washing method that would use less fuel and less soap.

Complete Success

Here is the result: a method voted a complete success by women all over the country.

You start by using *half* your usual amount of water, taking hot—not boiling—water. Then sprinkle in *two-thirds* the amount of Rinso you used to use and whisk up to a lather. Be sure that you have sufficient water to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

Put your whites into the lather and let them soak for *12 minutes only*. Then wash them through and rinse in the usual way, and they're ready to hang out. Do the same with your coloureds, *using the same suds*.

You see? *You don't boil the clothes*, so that you don't need to light the copper. This 12-minute soak is all that's needed to get the clothes beautifully clean.

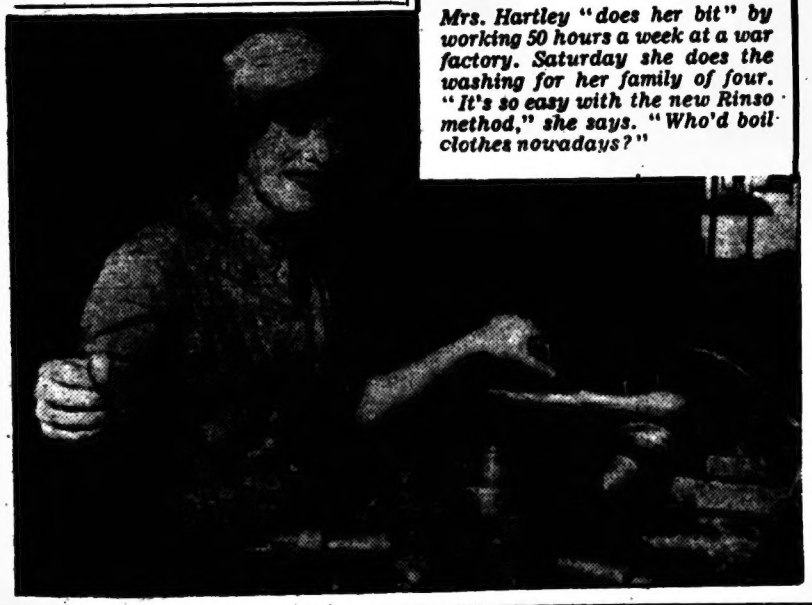
And you save soap—you use one-third less Rinso—and you save time and labour.

Do your wash the wartime Rinso way next Monday. Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet—1 coupon. 7d. packet—2 coupons.

B 3162-414-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

DOES WASHING ON SATURDAY AFTER 50-HOUR WEEK

Mrs. Hartley "does her bit" by working 50 hours a week at a war factory. Saturday she does the washing for her family of four. "It's so easy with the new Rinso method," she says. "Who'd boil clothes nowadays?"



A small milk ration goes a long way when you use it with Bournville Cocoa. It's more than a delicious drink. It's full of the things that build brawn and muscle, strengthen teeth, enrich the blood and steady frayed nerves. And it actually costs less than before the war!

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

(You save on ½ lbs)

The care of your skin and soap rationing

"... gently massage your whole face from chin to forehead."

This 2-minute treatment keeps your skin lovely — saves your soap as well

TO keep fresh and lovely is one of a woman's most important duties these days. For everybody *feels* better if she knows she's *looking* her best.

That's where this new 2-minute face treatment will help you. It gives your complexion the care it needs — at the same time saving your soap ration. Use the treatment regularly every night before you go to bed.

First, instead of rubbing your flannel on the soap tablet, simply wring it out in hot water. Then, hold it against your face for a few seconds to open the pores. Moisten the hands and rub the Lux Toilet Soap tablet between them a few times. Then, moving the hands upwards in small circles, gently massage your whole face from chin to forehead. Rinse the soap away with lukewarm water and finally, close the pores by splashing with cold water.

There's nothing better than this routine for keeping your skin smooth, clear and radiant.

The 2-minute treatment uses very little soap — as you can see for yourself. Actually, by using the hands instead of the flannel, you *save a quarter of the soap you normally use!* And, of course, Lux Toilet Soap lather is *active*. It only takes a little to remove every trace of the dust and dirt that clogs the pores, causing skin to get dull and old-looking. That is the secret of Lux Toilet Soap. And that is why it is used by 9 out of 10 Hollywood film stars. Lux Toilet Soap is 3½d. a tablet (including Purchase Tax) for one coupon.

Lux Toilet Soap

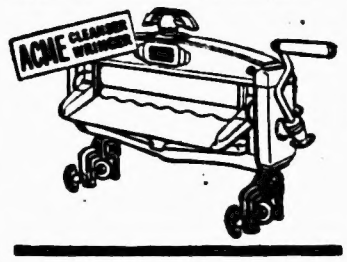
The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

TL1278-9 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

No one likes borrowing..

but in Acacia Crescent they're getting quite good at it. For example, they're mostly young newly-weds and there are only two

Acmes between them—and don't those Acmes get around! The makers are sorry they can't make any more while the war's on: but one day Acacia Crescent will be supplied as it deserves and borrowing (and lending) can once again be suitably discouraged!



FOOD FACTS

Frugal but Festive

It will take more than Hitler to stop the British housewife from setting a festive table at Christmas time. Yes, the food will be the same — rations, vegetables, grain foods — no Christmas specials; because ship-saving matters more than ever now we have gone over to the offensive. But by dressing up the old favourites, by using little tricks of flavouring, garnishing and serving we can still put up a festive show. Stuffed flank of beef may take the place of turkey, and a little cold tea may be used to darken the complexion of Christmas cake or pudding, but we can still contrive a spread which will delight the children and warm the hearts of the grown-ups.

FOR FATHER — CHRISTMAS DAY PUDDING

Rub 3 oz. cooking fat into 6 tablespoonfuls flour until like fine crumbs. Mix in 1½ breakfastcupfuls of stale breadcrumbs, 1 lb. prunes (soaked 24 hours, stoned, chopped) or any other dried fruit such as sultanas, 3 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful mixed spice, ½ teaspoonful grated nutmeg. Then chop 1 large apple finely, grate 1 large raw carrot and 1 large raw potato; add to dry ingredients. Stir in 3 reconstituted dried eggs. Mix 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in 1 tablespoonful of mixed lemon substitute and stir thoroughly into the pudding mixture. Put into one large or two small well-greased basins, cover with margarine papers and steam 2½ hours. This can be prepared overnight and eaten on Christmas Day.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

CHILDREN'S TREAT

1 Grated bar chocolate on freshly made biscuits gives the party touch.

2 Baked apples stuffed with war-time mincemeat are a splendid surprise.

3 Hot Cinnamon Toast for tea makes up for the shortage of cakes. Here is the way to make it.

Cinnamon Toast

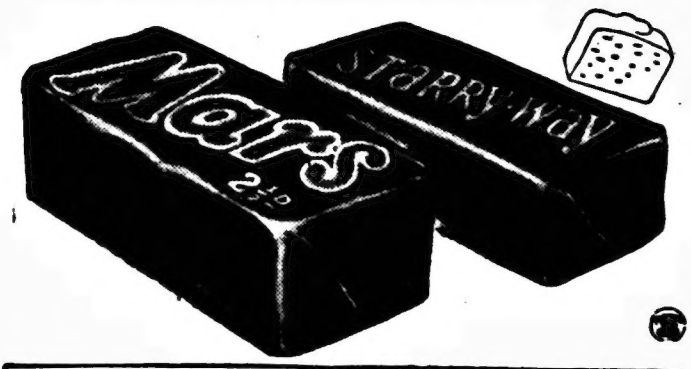
Take 1 tablespoonful margarine, 1 dessertspoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon. Cream all the ingredients together, spread on hot toast and grill for two minutes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 129

CUT THEM INTO SLICES

and make the most of these two big-value chocolate coated candy bars

They are big not only in size but in delicious goodness, made from the very finest materials obtainable to-day (including separated milk and rich-with-energy glucose).



MARS BAR 2½D

STARRY WAY 1½D

Sometimes hard to get—but always easy to get on with! *(Made for men-folk too)*

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

LOOK AFTER WOOL

All woollen garments and coverings are precious in wartime — especially now that fuel must be strictly economised. Woollens will wear and wash well for a very long time if a few simple rules are followed.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LATHER Woollens must never be *rubbed*—rubbing matts and felts wool so that it shrinks. So wash them often—if they are not badly soiled you can get them clean quickly and easily. Make a lather with lukewarm water and soapflakes and squeeze the garments gently in it, washing each one separately. Rinse each article three times in separate changes of clear lukewarm water. Always support woollens with your hands when lifting them out of the water, so that they do not stretch, and never wring or twist them. Roll them in a dry towel to absorb as much moisture as possible. Dry them flat and dry them gently.

MITTENS OUT OF OLD SOCKS When men's socks are too worn in the feet for further darning, make them into small size gloves or full size mittens. Trace your hand on paper, cutting out desired pattern. Place this on sock, using ankle end for wrist, and with thumb protruding over back seam. Thumb is cut separately from best part of instep and inserted into place. Sew with cotton. Scraps left over may be used to reinforce existing socks.

From LADY BRITTAIN, D.B.E., *Kirklands, Headley, Hants.*

This idea has also been suggested by many other contributors.

Mend and make do to save buying new

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 26, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

BAD MILK

● **Thousands of cases of tuberculosis — particularly among young children —result each year from poor milk.**

Fifty million gallons of milk are lost each year by cattle disease.

"Much of the milk provided for schoolchildren is the dregs of the market," testifies the chief veterinary officer of a great town.

Those are just a few facts—and there are many others—which show how vital is the need to improve Britain's dairy stock.

It is true that the Ministry of Agriculture has a veterinary "panel" scheme by which dairy cows will be regularly inspected. It is true that testing equipment has now been installed in a thousand large depots where milk is received.

But the work must be speeded up. It must be made uniform and country-wide.

If the nation is to be saved much disease and misery, if more and better milk is to be available, the inspection of *all* dairy herds is absolutely imperative.

Straight from the Shoulder

NEXT YEAR

SOON the greatest air battle of the war will begin.

The R.A.F. is straining every nerve to equip the airfields captured by Montgomery's Eighth Army.

American men and machines have achieved marvels in the construction of bases from which air cover can be given to Anderson's First Army.

Preparations are nearing completion.

Two-sided Anvil

Shortly, therefore, we shall see a two-way, non-stop air attack on the remnants of Rommel's crack troops and the rather inferior forces of Nehring.

These two armies will no doubt join up for a last stand at Tunis. No doubt, also, the *Luftwaffe* in Sicily and Sardinia will then overcome its recent shyness and emerge to give battle.

Prospects of Success

We should be wise to expect a stiff fight both on land and in the air. But we may be sure of the outcome.

Our worst difficulty will be the transport of petrol.

Hand-picked

On the other hand, the R.A.F. and the U.S. Army Air Corps have a clear superiority over Goering's strained and shocked forces.

The 8th Army has proved capable of making rings round Rommel. The 1st Army, as throughout our military history, is hand-picked and superbly trained.

So the New Year should continue the flow of good news from Africa.

Lifting the Burden

Thus will the way be paved for the far greater offensives by which we shall ease the burden so long and so gallantly borne by Russia.

Let us be under no delusion concerning the magnitude and cost of the task confronting us. It will dwarf all that we have suffered and achieved in the past.

Retreat and Advance

The year now dying has seen but the beginning of the change from defence to attack.

Malaya, Burma and Singapore were lost in a few weeks. Rommel swept to the gates of Alexandria. Vast areas of Soviet wheat and coal fields were swallowed up.

Only lately has the tide been turned. At Stalingrad alone, the Red Army has cut off more German troops than there were in all Africa. The Japanese have been swept out of Papua; moreover, they have suffered the worst naval disasters in world history.

Masses of Munitions

For most of the year we have been free from serious air attack on Britain. We have been able to amass enormous stocks of munitions.

But—and it is a big But—we shall need all we have stored and all that we can possibly make in the next twelve months.

Labour Economy

We must indeed increase our already vast production. We must increase each worker's output.

Not by slave-driving. But by better management.

Cripps has announced a move to save labour in aircraft factories—a step that actually was planned by his predecessor, Col. Llewellin. It must be extended to all arms plants.

Costly Waste

Without betraying secrets, it can be said that experts are dismayed at the out-of-date methods by which time and labour are squandered in many of the smaller factories.

They demand drastic reorganisation. But let us beware of that false economy by which key-workers are conscripted for the Army!

Saving Ships

Production can be expanded by concentrating on the stuff we can best produce in Britain. Shipping can be saved if we do not import from the U.S.A. the stuff we can make in our own factories.

And shipping *must* be saved.

Not only is the U-boat peril growing. Next year's offensives will strain our shipping resources to the uttermost, for all the cheering figures promised by Mr. Lyttelton.

Advance Plans

The importance of planning in advance of those offensives is plain to all. Is not the need to plan the peace no less imperative?

All the steel and munition industries of the U.S.A., Britain and Canada are now to be organised as a single unit for purposes of war.

But unless we also plan our industries for peace, they may well crash when the war ends.

Living in Hopes

True, Ministers have assured us that a start has been made on economic co-operation for the peace.

What sort of start?

Well, Mr. Eden says that our Government has good intentions. But no plans.

Marking Time

He was asked point-blank by a diligent M.P. last week whether the Government is in consultation with the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. in order to draw up a common programme for economic development.

And Mr. Eden had to admit that "no negotiations are at present in progress."

Asking for Trouble

He could point, to nothing more definite than an "intention" of working with the United Nations "towards such a common programme."

In other words, we are just marking time.

But this war has taught us painfully that to mark time is to make an enemy of time.

Danger Ahead

We dare not let our preparations be outstripped by events.

If we do not prepare for peace, the end of the war may well bring such unemployment, uncertainty and anarchy that our armed victory will be but a disastrous mockery.

Another War

There are some myopic people who evidently wish us to return to economic anarchy, to that crazy and uncontrolled competition which kept the pre-war world see-sawing between booms and slumps.

"Build great transport planes for the peace!" they shout. "Let us get in first when the commercial air war breaks out!"

Thus are we invited to end this war in order to begin another.

Sharing Prosperity

We shall need commercial air transports, certainly. But above all we shall need international agreements whereby transport shall be used to make *all* the world's riches available to *all* the peoples of the world.

The alternative is smash-and-grab rule. And we know how that failed the world in the Hungry Twenties and the Fearful Thirties.

Suspicion

Already there is doubt and distrust.

Let us speak plainly. *Some* American business men are predicting in isolationist newspapers that "the Allies will return to their own selfish interests after this war." *Some* British business men fear that when peace comes we shall find that our heavy industries will be "cut out of the market" by Americans and by the new heavy industries of Canada and Australia.

Plan to Prevent

Such things need not be. They must not be if we are to escape from the economic thraldom by which the world has been bound for a century—a century of mighty wars and mass unemployment.

We must plan to escape. And we must plan now.

We cannot be certain that the war will not end sooner than we expect. If so, it would catch us nodding.

Shadow Aims

Even our political aims have been but vaguely defined. There is still uncertainty about the United Nations' political strategy for war and the peace.

Chiang Kai-Shek has wisely declared that China wishes for an end both of imperialism and isolationism. But the Chinese should be given more opportunities to make their voice heard in the counsels of the nations.

To take another example, there is the problem of the Balkans. It should be arranged for Gen. Mihailovich to attend a conference table for difficulties to be surmounted and plans drawn up.

Muddling Through

Political and economic problems are inseparably associated with each other. Statesmen cannot end international jealousies and achieve Mr. Churchill's "commonwealth and society of nations and communities" unless the nations are made safe against economic exploitation and poverty.

The world cannot "muddle through" to peace and prosperity.

United for Victory

That is why the United Nations must arm themselves with a united strategy.

It should be prepared and published to the whole world before we call on the conquered nations to rise, before we ask fighting men and war workers to make their supreme effort in the year that will begin a few days hence.

THAT ALONE IS THE WAY TO A BETTER AND SANER WORLD.

(Continued overleaf)

JOHN BULL'S WARTIME SECURITY GIFT FOR 1943

● *An announcement of vital importance to every reader will appear in next week's issue*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MEANWHILE, the anti-planners are determined that the public shall go short in order to preserve their private interests.

So Lord Woolton is still having a stiff fight to get his fish zoning scheme working smoothly.

JOHN BULL urges him to use sharper weapons.

In the Pillory—

He should name all the trade concerns that are not co-operating in the scheme.

Expose them to public censure! Show them for what they are—"passive resisters" to necessary war time control!

There is no better spur than the fear of publicity.

—Or the Dock

Other antagonists "in the trade" aren't so passive. They are the wreckers of whom he speaks. The gentry who not merely fail to operate the scheme properly, but do their utmost to prevent it from working.

For them there should be a stronger corrective.

They should be put into the dock.

What War Means

Indeed, there seem to be quite a few people who need reminding that war is no picnic.

They seem to have forgotten that it doesn't offer much luxury for the bombed-out. Or for our troops in the Middle East, for the seamen who are torpedoed and shelled, for the lads who fight in the skies and under the waves.

Frost and Hunger

Or for the Russians!

A million civilians died from hunger and cold in the siege of Leningrad last winter. And this winter will be worse.

There will not be enough food to go round. There will not be many cosy fires in Russian homes.

For the Troops

Many people in Moscow itself are wearing thin sandals despite the snow. And many will probably perish from the cold. You see, their fur-lined boots have gone to the troops at the front.

Yet some people here, not stopping to think, find it hard to admit the need for the smallest sacrifices.

What! No Ice Cream!

Thus, Scottish temperance busybodies are badgering the Government to lift the ban on ice-cream manufacture—yes, in mid-winter.

We hope it will sound funny to the Scots who help to take those convoys through the Arctic to Russia.

Petrol and Horses

Then there's the solemn bench of magistrates who decided that a bookmaker was perfectly justified in hiring a car to go to the races, because he couldn't catch a train connection.

And the country doctors who—so we hear—use their cars to get to bridge parties.

Perhaps it hasn't occurred to them that there may be blood in the petrol.

Optimists

Next are the Stock Exchange half-wits who, cheered by the African news, are wagering that the war will be over by June.

They won't have to do the fighting, of course.

Rich Story

No less distorted a picture of Britain at war is depicted in the story being told in at least ten cities:

A woman munition worker goes into the best jeweller's shop and asks to look at diamonds.

Pushing aside the smaller ones, she makes the sort of purchase you'd expect of an Indian prince.

Liars

Offered a receipt for the hundreds of pounds in notes she hands over, she says: "I don't want it—I can't read, anyway."

It isn't true, of course. It is the invention of people who have good reason to pretend that all munition makers are drawing weighty wage packets.

Self-Interest

They are the people who protested, before the war, against every shilling increase for the workers.

Don't help them to sabotage the war effort by promoting envy and resentment!

Looking for Home

The billeting officer at Wigston describes the frantic efforts of Leicester workers to get accommodation in his district.

Living miles away from their work, they put a further strain on transport—and on their purses.

Four-Pound Room

The trouble is not only the shortage of accommodation in Leicester. But also because £3 and £4 a week are being demanded for one room!

Some landlords, evidently, prefer to "make their bit" instead of to do it.

Long Wait

In London, a woman applied to Hackney Borough Council for a flat in 1940. Recently, the council offered her some rooms—and she was told that she was lucky to get the chance, as some people had been "on the list" since 1936.

What worries us is that they may have to wait another six years unless the Government pushes on *now* with rehousing plans.

Short Notice

Meanwhile, the L.C.C. should not cling so obstinately to the letter of the law.

One of the council's tenants was called-up last month. His rent was fully paid up. But for four weeks his wife and baby received no Army allowance.

The wife paid the rent for two weeks, then explained that she could not continue to do so until the Army pay arrived.

She has received notice to quit.

Profits of War

Home on leave, a soldier called to see the premises where his furniture was stored at a cost of 4s. a week. He found it to be an uninhabited house.

Taking a few measurements, he reckoned that the storage firm is receiving more than 30s. a room—which may help to explain the sudden prosperity of quite a few business men who have nothing to do with arms production.

Making Things Awkward

Some officials, too, will do nothing to aid production. Way up in Durham, some miners have to walk five miles to the pit—a long trudge in either snow or shine.

One of them found that he could "swop" house with a council tenant living near the pit. But the stiff-necked local council says "No."

Sunday Darts

Lancashire miners have beaten the output target again. Of course, they have to work on Sundays to do so, and most of us wouldn't begrudge them a game of darts afterwards.

But one chief constable has angered them by banning games in taverns on Sunday.

If our name happened to be Bevin, we'd direct him to work in the pit.

Cut Down

Or he might be more useful on a Dorset farm we know.

The farmer is an old man in ill-health. One son is in the R.A.F.; the other boy and a labourer do all the work.

The second son has now received four days' notice to join the Army.

About Turn!

His father is almost in a state of collapse, and fears that he will have to give up the farm, on which nearly a dozen men were formerly employed.

Has the Government now adopted a "Grow Less Food" policy?

Same Old Law

Legal machinery provides a poor answer to that other question of the moment: "Is your journey really necessary?"

A Woodford reader has to swear some legal documents before his District Registrar. And this official has requested him to attend with two sureties at Ipswich—sixty miles away!

Fuel for the Taking

Rail transport cannot be spared for the thousands of tons of waste timber that lie around Ministry of Supply sawmills throughout the country.

But could it not be collected and distributed by full-time Civil Defence workers? After all, we are still unpleasantly short of coal.

Making Sure

Much more conscientious—much too conscientious—are the Liverpool authorities.

A reader there has received from the local fuel office a large form, three copies of which he had previously completed. He has four copies of a double card on which to enter the number of persons living in his house. And he has had three copies of a manual for fire guards.

Liverpool must have quite a lot of paper for salvage.

Shine or Save

Exciting news for spit-and-polish commanding officers: Non-clean buttons are now costing the War Office more than the brass variety!

But it's cheaper to save troops from enemy snipers than to waste their lives.

First-hand Knowledge

You may also like to know that, for every American parachutist in North Africa, there are four British. Indeed, the American parachute battalion was largely trained by us.

So we are not surprised to hear that the glider training station recently mentioned in these columns is commanded by an ex-fighter pilot of No. 1 Squadron R.A.F., who is also a very experienced glider pilot.

And we shouldn't be surprised to hear of his pupils playing a highly important part in some future campaign.

Midnight Blues

But the Admiralty needs a reminder that Mediterranean nights are cold—and the men on corvettes and destroyers can't keep warm without sweaters and scarves.

Cheap Cruelty

Evidently the Berkshire County Bench is unwilling to increase the population of our congested prisons.

Recently it heard some appalling allegations of cruelty to cows, some of which were said to be starved and diseased.

The offender was stated to have sixty previous convictions, including four for cruelty. The Bench fined him £10.

No one knows who originated the yarn that wines are to be specially imported from North Africa for the American troops here in Britain.

It's on a par with several other rumours circulated recently concerning the U.S. Forces.

Which means that it's just a dirty lie.

Obviously, anything likely to prompt even the tiniest resentment between the Allies is a good investment for Dr. Goebbels. And JOHN BULL suspects that the wily doctor's agents can be credited with some of the rumours.

Don't help them.

Behind the News

- **Latest row inside Nazi military clique is between Rommel and Ramcke, the airborne chief ordered by Hitler to "save Rommel." Rommel is jealous of Ramcke's sudden fame.**
- *Hitler's personal doctor, Professor Morell, is reported ill as a result of strain in dealing with his difficult patient.*
- New crime wave is sweeping Germany. Minister of Interior Frick has ordered special measures to be taken against black-out robbers.
- **Rundstedt has been called to Berlin to give assurances that the Channel defences are really "impregnable."**
- *Experts have warned Goering that his "let Europe starve" policy will result in disease which will not stop at Germany's frontiers.*
- They fear also that during coming winter in Russia Reichswehr sick list will again exceed action casualties. Cause—shortage of surgeons and supplies.
- **Nazis who once planned to kill Pétain have now doubled his guards and doctors for fear that his death would cause revolt too strong for Laval to counter.**
- *Germans, grabbing French munitions and equipment, are now saddled with much shoddy material they had once bribed French quisling manufacturers to produce!*
- **Church bells in Holland, Belgium and France are being removed. Need for metal is not as great as fear they will be used to spread news of invasion.**
- **Anglo-U.S.A. action prevented, though only by a few hours, removal from Dakar of Vichy gold amounting to some £30,000,000.**

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

LET US REMEMBER!

THE other day a soldier, looking wistful but not "browned off," was asked by friends in his isolated unit what he was thinking of.

"Christmas," he said, and when they protested that he had only just come back from leave, he snapped out of his reverie.

"I don't mean *this* Christmas," he explained. "I was thinking of *the* Christmas—the one we shall all celebrate after the war is won."

A sentimental Tommy? Not by a long chalk! Just a quiet citizen in uniform, doing his duty without making a fuss about it, and taking the long view and the right view of life as it is to-day and as we mean it to be in the unknown to-morrow.

JOHN BULL does not wish its readers a merry Christmas this year so much as a happy one. And it can be happy for those who fortify themselves with this fighting man's honest philosophy.

Not all of us have it. Some do not seek to attain it.

There are people who complain peevishly that "there isn't a thing to be had in the shops"; that prices are "simply scandalous"; that they are sick of standing in queues.

Others, of a different type, brag about their own astuteness. They have made certain they *are not going to go short of "seasonable comforts."*

Their tables will be loaded with good fare. They have picked up "a nice little lot" of wines, cigars and sundries. In fact, they have gone shopping in some black, or at least dubious, market.

FORTUNATELY, the grumblers and the greedy are in the minority. Most of us are content to spend a quiet Christmas, counting ourselves fortunate if we can pass it at home.

We can make do cheerfully on war time supplies. If we have to go without a lot of the Christmas comforts which once we took for granted, we still realise that our mild "austerity" would seem luxury to millions less fortunate than ourselves.

Let us pause to remember. . . .

At home and abroad our young men—sons and brothers, husbands and sweethearts—are living arduous lives, braving danger and enduring sacrifice to bring the true Christmas spirit back to men of good will.

They are serving on many battle-fronts; they patrol the Seven Seas, and they ride the wild skies by day and night.

For every published record of their courage and devotion there are a thousand deeds of valour that go unrecorded.

For everything we lack, there are many we still enjoy which have been brought to this country at the risk of their lives by the dauntless men of the Merchant Navy.

Let us remember our kinsmen from overseas, the grand lads who have come from the Dominions to fight for freedom as their fathers fought before them.

And our cousins from the other side of the Atlantic, the increasing armies from the United States, the citizens of our twin democracy in the New World.

Let us remember, too, our comrades-in-arms among the Fighting French, the Poles, the Dutch, the Czechs, the Belgians, the Norwegians and the Danes; all the brave men of every nationality who have escaped from Hitler's tyranny to take up the fight afresh on this side of the Channel.

It is our duty and our privilege to make all these comrades feel at home with us this Christmas. Where we can show personal hospitality to any of them, let us show it.

But, above all, let us not forget them. Christmas is the season of remembrance, and there are some among us whose thoughts must turn to the loved ones they have lost.

Let us remember the bereaved; the mothers whose sons have helped to make, but will never see, the Christmas of our eager hopes.

Let us, if we can, do something to relieve the loneliness of neighbours whose absent dear ones are facing peril and hardship on land and sea and in the air that we may be safe at home.

But remembrance is not enough, and sympathy means little until it is translated into active help.

There is a debt that we owe both to the living and the dead. It can only be discharged by our efforts to fulfil the task for which they are risking, or have already lost, their lives.

We may not be wearing uniform, but let us remember that we are all soldiers in this war. The Home Front is no less vital than the battlefield.

It is so easy to forget that; so fatally easy to take one's ease when no personal danger threatens and the call of duty is to action-stations which have no glamour.

And yet the personal duty of every civilian is crystal-clear. It lies first in the maintenance of full production; in the faithful discharge of the day's work and the unshirking performance of Home Guard, Civil Defence or Fire Guard orders.

Secondly, it is incumbent upon us all to save our money instead of spending it. Economy was always a drab among the civic virtues, but to-day it has gained a certain colour of romance.

We must keep it up. Every savings group needs to redouble its efforts, and many new ones ought to be formed.

The various salvage drives need to be spurred on, too. For their maintenance and intensification the country looks chiefly to our splendid womenfolk.

The call upon them is becoming constantly heavier. More and more of them are going into active service either with the Forces or in the factories.

But those who are left to fulfil their normal duties as home-makers and mothers can still make their brave contribution to the common cause.

It is relatively easy to make sacrifices and do strenuous work under the spur of imminent danger. When all seemed lost except the fighting spirit of our retreating armies, Dunkirk fired the whole population to a fury of endeavour.

But spurts do not suffice to win a long-distance race. "It's dogged as does it," and this fourth Christmas of the war should be looked upon less as a breathing space than as an opportunity to gain our second wind.

We have much to be thankful for. The news continues good from every theatre of war. By comparison with last year, the prospects of the United Nations have immensely improved.

The world situation is, indeed, so much transformed in our favour that the issue is no longer in doubt. Fascism is doomed. The power of the Wicked Men is still formidable, but it is on the wane.

WE have grave perils to face and immense difficulties to overcome, but we shall gain in strength with every passing week until the time comes for the opening, not of the Second, but of the final Front.

Then at last we shall have our opportunity to match the stubborn enthusiasm of our Russian allies, to relieve their heavy burden, and, in the end, share with them in the complete overthrow of the common enemy.

Victory is certain, but whether it comes soon or late must depend largely upon our own total effort in this terrible and total war.

There is no fit man or woman, no eager and intelligent lad or lass, who can escape direct responsibility for the hastening, or delaying, of the next peace time Christmas.

"On earth peace to men of good will" So the ancient blessing runs, and so, if we choose, will it endure.

But good will must be something more than easy kindliness in easy circumstance. It must be stiffened by the iron of resolution and made strong in the spirit of sacrifice. This let us remember until the boys come home again to *the* Christmas of their dreams.

Gauleiters Are Not Very Happy

HITLER'S grant of supreme power to the Gauleiters of Germany is a bitter pill for even ardent Nazis among the German people.

★ ★ ★

What does it mean?

Let me introduce to you a typical Gauleiter who, as a boy, used to work for a newsagent in Vienna and spend his spare time distributing illegal Nazi propaganda.

His name was Globocnik, and as he grew up he became a veritable menace to the district. He associated with criminals and was frequently locked up.

But Globocnik was a Nazi. And when the Austrian Nazi movement grew he was appointed district leader of a Nazi group.

But he used his political activities simply as a cloak for further crimes until he was forced to flee the country.

He escaped to Germany, but returned at the heels of the invading German army in 1938, and was appointed Gauleiter of Vienna.

He became a wealthy man, but his drinking habits quickly made it impossible for him to attend Nazi functions without creating awkward scenes.

So Hitler sent him to Poland to murder the Jews.

Gauleiters in Nazi Germany were never chosen for their personal standing or their administrative qualities. They are usually the men who were the first Nazis in their districts, who organised the early Nazi terror.

Yet it is doubtful whether these bullies, after years of petty crimes and swindling, profiteering, blackmail and similar activities, are now enjoying their position.

★ ★ ★

I shouldn't imagine, for instance, that Gauleiter Kaufmann, of Hamburg, or Gauleiter Florian, of Duesseldorf, is very happy just now. Pictures which show them attending functions in their districts recently are rather revealing.

Their faces are thin and lined. All the swagger seems to have gone. They look a little perplexed, uncertain of themselves and their organisation of Nazi thugs.

This is not surprising, because the principal occupation of Kaufmann and Florian these days is to visit bomb-torn factory areas and to look at desolate scenes of destruction.

★ ★ ★

Yes, at the very moment Hitler invests the Gauleiters with greater authority, gives them more power and prestige, their actual influence is lower than ever.

But the Germans know, as we must know, that these men are capable of every crime. They will stop at nothing when faced with the grim realities which will soon confront Hitler's Defence Commissars.

And, though the elevation is a new sign of the desperate view Hitler takes of the war position, we must realise that these gangsters will be difficult enemies to fight on their own soil. W. F.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Throughout the countryside cottagers are being given notice to quit.

There is, for example, **Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald. Living with** her is an invalid son, two young children, a bombed-out brother and his wife and two babies.

A soldier son appeared in court to plead for her. Forgetting the need for discretion, he said bluntly:

"If you attempt to turn my mother out from this cottage after she has lost the old home in Battersea through bombs and has nowhere to live, I shall just leave the Army to look after her."

The Trowbridge judge was sympathetic, but had to order her to leave.

Not because she was a bad tenant, but simply because her cottage is needed for a farm worker.

Now pass from the particular to the general. There is already a serious shortage of houses for farm workers. Next year there will be still more workers to accommodate.

Thousands of women are to be recruited for the land. How can billets be found for them unless an emergency building scheme is at once put into operation?

Skilled builders are now available. Many of them are being sent to labouring jobs.

Draw up the plans by which they can supply the houses we so desperately require!—JOHN BULL.

Lord HANKEY, Former Secretary to the Cabinet

MY LORD,—Plainly, the greater our use of science the quicker shall we win the war. But I have long had reason to deplore that we are not using all the scientific methods available to us.

Why? Not because we cold-shoulder the scientists. Often we have had to turn to them. Thus it was that we were able to master the magnetic mine within a few weeks. Thus, too, was a method found within a few days by which ships' propellers no longer gave away their position to lurking U-boats.

Indeed, as you say, nearly all available scientists are employed on war jobs.

But you add that "there is often an exasperating time lag between discovery and applications of new methods."

Quite so. And the cause of this delay is that most high officials in the Ministries lack scientific training.

They just aren't quick enough to see the possibilities of some new invention.

I happen to know of one design which could be of great and immediate value in military operations and in countering the U-boat. Officialdom is not impressed—though I wager it will *ultimately* be adopted, as in the case of the tank.

The remedy, I am convinced, is to appoint trained scientists to act as advisers in every Service and Supply Ministry.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, M.P., Whitehall, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Once again I ask your aid in righting an injustice.

Some months ago members of the Civil Nursing Reserve who work in first aid posts were given an extra 5s. a week.

Their fellow-members who are engaged on full-time duty in hospitals have so far been completely ignored.

Naturally, they are resentful.

It may be argued that they are not regarded as Civil Defence workers.

But are they not equally essential? Do they not equally deserve a wage increase?

There should be no argument on those points.

Nor can there be any doubt of the urgent need for more volunteers. No doubt, either, that nursing conditions must be made attractive and equitable if you are to get all the recruits you want.

Wages must be so adjusted as to provide a reasonable standard of life.

As a first step, you will no doubt end the anomaly I have outlined.—JOHN BULL.

Judge HANCOCK, Wandsworth County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—The flattery addressed by Shylock to his judge might justly be applied to yourself.

Only a "most upright judge" would state in court that he had given wrong judgments in the past. And the "most excellent judge" is he who seeks to protect the public.

A radio rental agreement provided that the set should remain in the hirer's possession free after three years' payments. Because the hirer fell into arrears the firm claimed return of the set.

You were told that in hundreds of cases the firm had obtained a court order for its return. You were told that you yourself had previously made such an order.

But you announced that you had erred in doing so. And promptly dismissed the claim!

Though your decision may be questioned, your frankness will be welcomed by all.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRED MONTAGUE, M.P., Islington West

DEAR SIR,—You remind me of a man baying at the moon because it doesn't happen to be the sun.

"Labour's official fulsome reception of the Beveridge Report," you suggest, shows how much the Labour Party has forgotten of its Socialist economics.

Such a gibe will please only those Big Business interests who want to kill the Report because it is "too Socialistic" for their liking.

Anyhow, to damn the work of Sir William because it wasn't performed by a Socialist would hardly be likely to increase public respect for the Labour Party.

Most of us don't care a rap who initiates reforms—so long as we get them.

The criterion must surely be whether any plan is beneficial to the nation as a whole, not its position in Party politics.

And I trust Labour leaders to take a broader view of their responsibilities than you seem to hold.—JOHN BULL.

General DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, Commander-in-Chief, S.W. Pacific

DEAR GENERAL,—Never have men fought in a worse hell than New Guinea.

A green hell of dense and dank jungle, steaming hot and ridden with deadly tropical diseases, alive with snakes and scorpions—and enemy snipers who crouched invisibly in the treetops.

A hell in which no quarter was asked and none given.

But now it is clear of the Japanese; the capture of Buna and Gona has freed all Papua.

"Kill one Jap apiece" was your last instruction to the Americans and Australians as they went into battle. Well, they seemed to have accounted for more than one each.

And so you have your revenge for the Philippines.

There it was your "almost unreasonable courage" that sustained the tiny force of defenders against odds of ten to one.

Dive-bombed, shelled and machine-gunned, they held the world's admiration as they clung to the foxholes of Bataan and listened to your blistering language between the explosions of the guns.

When you had to escape from those foxholes and fly 2,000 miles across the Pacific, Australia was gravely menaced. But you did not let its defence obsess your thoughts.

Instead, you began at once to plan the offensive which has gained, so big a success with so small a force and so little equipment. No wonder they say that audacity is part of the stock-in-trade of a good general!—JOHN BULL.

Beyond the Ramparts

IT is good at Christmas time, even when the world we knew is vanishing in a fury of noise and battle, to strike a personal balance.

It is good to remember the evils we have faced and overcome; good to recall the dark days of Dunkirk and the bloody agonising nights of the Blitz.

It is good, too, to remember that in those days we fought the fight and saved the world—not the world we knew but the world we hope to build.

Christmas is the time to remember those things because it is a festival which brings to mind the agony and sacrifice of the Son of Man.

* * *

He died so that the soul of man should be free. His life was the supreme expression of gentleness and peace and love and mercy—just those qualities so lacking in the world to-day.

In a global war such as the one darkening the lives of millions of people to-day, there seems no place for qualities like love and gentleness and mercy.

Human passion and human frailty are the dominant heritages of man and woman. Retribution and the thirst for vengeance rule the mind.

The terrible wave of brutality and murder that sweeps across the defenceless countries of enslaved Europe arouses even in the gentlest of men a hatred of the evils of the Nazi and Fascist régimes.

That hatred is inevitable. It is part of the price the world is paying for ignorance and folly—the ignorance of complacency and the folly of false thinking.

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

But hatred is not enough. Hatred of an evil thing is only part of the world battle yet to be waged.

This—our fourth Christmas of war—proves it. Hatred by the Nazis of all things British has not prevailed.

All the venom of the poisonous barbs of Hitlerism have failed to deflect us from the task we have set ourselves.

Persecuted millions hate the Nazis. But they also love the free nations of the world who are fighting so that they, too, shall be free.

Millions in their hatred look forward to peace and love and gentleness. Those qualities still live in the hearts of men and women. They will find full expression in the days to come.

That's why, to-day, looking beyond the ramparts of war to the sunlit plains of peace, we must think and plan ahead.

It doesn't mean any slackening in our resolve to crush Hitlerism.

★ ★ ★

It doesn't mean that we go soft and pappy in our attitude to the arch-criminals of Berlin and their record of persecution and infamy.

But it does mean that we should try to retain in ourselves those qualities without which all our plans for a new world will be in vain.

Our trials have been hard. But our blessings have been many. On the balance we have much to be thankful for.

And in our prayers this Christmas time we should spare a thought for others whose trials have been harder and whose blessings have temporarily been swept away.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—2.

Man who Roped Himself to a Live Mine!

★ This is the story of a busman's holiday, showing how one of those unpretending salt-sea Skippers, who nowadays face hourly death risks as part of the normal earning of their daily bread, could not keep his fingers off danger when he was on shore

By FRANK STUART

"NO ladders, no gales to matter, no losing sleep, watching for U-boats and mines and bombers and things!" That was how Captain Leo Romyn put it.

Feet in the fender and a good fire going, something tasty cooking for supper and perhaps the pictures to-morrow. . . .

And, when to-morrow came, such peril as not even the deep waters had ever brought him.

He was having breakfast when the house shook with the blast of a terrific explosion. Somewhere down on the waterfront; you could tell that.

Then, silence, broken by the scurrying of feet and the shouting of excited and frightened voices. Romyn swallowed his coffee, grated back his chair and ran out to look.

"There's mines adrift—coming in with the tide," panted a passer-by. "One's blown hell out of those houses by the harbour. Lot o' people hurt—or killed. . . ."

But Romyn's boots were clattering along towards the waterfront.

The place was a frightful sight. A mine had washed against the jetty edge, and 650 lb. of high-explosive—enough to blow an armoured battleship to ribbons—had expended its fury on the waterfront and the houses and people there.

The slightest touch of its brittle glass horns can let loose vast destruction.

Romyn hardly paused to look at this disaster, for a group of men were talking fiercely, arguing, pointing out to sea.

Another mine, rolling like a black porpoise, was wallowing obscenely in with the tide. Only minutes could elapse before it struck its blow, and a whole row of little houses, already chronically weakened by blast, would go tumbling down.

The morning sun glinted feebly on the fragile glass horns of the mine. To touch one of those horns would mean an explosion.

Already, the mine was in less than 6 ft. of water; the horns might roll and touch bottom at any second now. The women tried to huddle their children down side-streets; cries of terror came from the windows of the threatened houses; men stood white-faced.

Skipper Romyn yelled in his "bridge officer" voice: "Get a coil of rope, there. Look lively. Twenty feet of it!"

Everyone stared.

"*Rope!*" Come on, there!"

Obediently, men scattered, looking for rope. They did not know why. Romyn threw off his jacket, rubbed his hard hands together like a fast bowler, stared round as if setting his field.

"Get those women back, there!"

Someone handed him a big coil of rope. He eyed it critically, nodded, and swiftly formed a running noose in the end. He put the coil quickly about his waist, and then calmly stepped down on to the pebbles, and walked into the sea.

"Come back—you'll be killed!" screeched a woman's voice, near to breaking. Men bit their lips.

He waded steadily in, through rough surf, and the mine gambolled suddenly towards him, its brittle glass horns flickering. He reached out a hand, though he was yet many yards off. A big wave nearly knocked him off his feet.

"When I saw him going to meet that thing, I got a sudden idea what it must have looked like when a Roman gladiator walked into the arena to meet a lion," an onlooker told me afterwards.

Romyn was now more than waist deep, and when a wave came in, it rose to his ears, lifting him slightly. The waves rolled the big mine over and over. If it hit him and by a miracle failed to explode, it would certainly stun him, break his bones. . .

Slippery Black Ball

Romyn reached out, placed a hand on the slippery black ball that threatened him. It became strangely quiet, as if it recognised a master.

Then a wave came, washed clean over his head, and those ashore, muttering oaths or prayers, saw the mine rise above him on the slope of water and glide savagely down as if to smother him.

Then his head showed again, with racing white water up to the chin, but the mine half in the curve of his arm, an apparently willing captive. His other arm came up, winding the rope round the mine. It was apparent that he was still on his feet.

The noose was over—he was pulling it tight. A wave turned the mine quickly over on one side, and it seemed that the glass horns *must* be splintered against his shoulder.

But those who watched, forgetful of the icy wind that cut through them, saw no explosion.

His arms came up again, and the rope writhed like a black snake over a victim.

Then another wave—and mine and man vanished, then reappeared, the mine still enmeshed in the rope, the man still standing with that 650 lb. of explosive nuzzling his chest with its tender little horns.

Romyn was seen half wading, half swimming, drawing away from the mine, gripping the rope's end in his hand. It was seen to be fastened about his wrist.

Still shoulder deep in that freezing water, with spray over him at every new wave, and sometimes vanishing beneath the smooth green curves of them, the man began to walk, towing the mine slowly after him.

1,000 lb. of Floating Death

Not far short of 1,000 lb. in weight, floating, of course, but able to smash down on its warder, able to blow his body to bloody shreds, able, perhaps, only to tap him on the head so that he fell and drowned. . . .

Those on the shore saw this man forcing his way through the winter seas, towing away from them and their homes a dreadful invader.

A number of boats, anchored in the harbour, tossed and fell on their cables, and these Romyn had to avoid. As he worked his way round one boat, the sea ran up behind him, hurling the mine, as it seemed, right on to his back.

He fell forward into the water, regained his footing in a foamy scramble, and began to wade forward once more

Those on shore walked parallel with him, unable to speak to each other or to take their eyes off him, so that they stumbled against each other and into the sides of the road.

Kept Steadily On

Right on beyond the last of the boats, parallel with the shore, finding his footing God knows how, among the uneven rocks and pebbles beneath the running tide, buffeted by waves that broke now and again clean over him, and rolled his charge this way and that till it looked as if it was trying to break free, steadily Romyn went on.

Only a few feet behind him glittered the glass horns, whose touch was death. At times they seemed to prod his back.

Nearly a mile from the place where he had roped the mine, the Skipper on holiday found a bit of deserted foreshore. He moved in cautiously—cautiously because if a horn of the mine touched bottom, or chipped a rock of the many that stuck up slippery and menacing hereabouts. . . .

Romyn stared at these rocks calculatingly. He advanced to one, looked down on it, shook his head, found another. To that, it being a suitable shape, he made the end of the rope fast.

The huge mine, dreaded by battleships, was ridiculously made captive, like a dog on a string tied to a tree.

Romyn waded ashore.

Last Message

Men were there with dry clothes, whisky in a flask, towels. They began a babble of praise, rough jokes, patting his shoulder, trying to help him out of his sodden and icy clothes.

His face was very white from such exertion as can seldom have been accomplished by a man of his age. His skin was fishy-coloured and rutted from wind and water.

But the spirit of the man shone clear as a flame.

"Get down—to the Post Office—telephone the naval people," he said heavily, shivering and trembling with cold. "They can—send some men down—they'll want to—analyse that mine—it might give up some of Old Hitler's secrets. . . ."

And then Romyn more or less collapsed.

Next Week:—"Break for Freedom."

100,000 Italians Can't Hold Down Albania!

THE Italian army of occupation in the tiny state of Albania numbers roughly one fully armed soldier to every Albanian of military age.

And still they can't hold down the country!

★ ★ ★

Most recent report from this small outpost of freedom is that General Lorenzo Dalmuzzo, commander of the Italian armoured forces in Albania, has vanished.

He went to inspect units in the southern part of the country—some of the 100,000 army of occupation—the Russian Tass Agency states he is believed to have been taken prisoner by the guerillas.

Which particular band of guerillas is not clear. There are so many of them.

Major Abas Kupi leads one. It was he who directed the spirited but unsuccessful resistance when the Italians landed at Durazzo in 1939. He is still resisting—somewhere in the Albanian mountains.

Myslim Peza leads another. He it was who, when his cousin was executed as a reprisal for the cutting of an oil pipeline, paid a visit to a gendarmerie post at Vorra, manned by seven men.

He left behind him seven dead gendarmes and a note which read: "Italians! I'll kill ten of you for every Albanian patriot you kill."

The Italians in the neighbourhood are understood to be a little uneasy!

A third contingent is led by Lieut.-Col. Bilal Nivica, and is composed of a number of roving bands. It operates in the vicinity of Valona, and the Italians don't like it at all.

★ ★ ★

Another popular leader is Lieut.-Col. Muharrem Bajraktar—but he has taken his men to serve under the Chetnik flag of that most famous of all guerilla commanders, General Mihailovitch of Yugoslavia.

Instances of successful forays against the hated invaders are innumerable, but a typical one was the trapping of an Italian supply convoy of fifty lorries in the narrow valley along which runs the road from Scutari to Pukao.

Waiting until the convoy was fairly in the ravine, the guerillas rolled down huge boulders from the hillsides on the road.

★ ★ ★

This blocked the convoy fore and aft, and they then swooped down on it, killing the Italians to a man and completely destroying the cargo of valuable mining equipment in the lorries.

Blandishments, entreaties, threats, forged documents, and the razing of entire villages have alike failed to subdue the spirit of the Albanian patriots.

Two attempts have been made within three months to assassinate Mustafa Kruja, Albania's own particular quisling. "Third time lucky!" say the Albanians.

And now General Lorenzo Dalmuzzo has vanished.

Miracles do happen, but the betting is heavily against him reappearing—alive.

THE FOURTH CHRIST

★ Will it be the last we will spend in the throes of this world-flung war? No one can tell, but it is certain that, for us, it is the most hopeful Christmas since the conflict began

By A. G. GARDINER

Two cheery R.A.F. lads who symbolise the spirit throughout the land this Yuletide, which is the dawn of victory

MOST beloved of our Christian festivals falls once more upon a war-stricken world Its ancient message of "Peace on earth, good will to men" sounds like an alien mockery in our ears.

Yet it is the fulfilment of that message for which we fight. And on this fourth Christmas of the war we have the assurance that we do not fight in vain. The way may still be long, but the light is breaking. The goal shines clear ahead.

Apply a simple test. Is there one of us who, having the choice, and putting aside the wrongs and rights of the war, would choose to spend this Christmas as a subject of Hitler rather than as a subject of King George?

Look at the scene as it presents itself to us to-day compared with those of the three past Christmases of the war years.

Who does not recall that strange mood of wonder and expectancy in which the Christmas of 1939 fell on us? Four months had passed since the declaration of war, but still the storm had not burst.

Only one dramatic episode, the scuttling of the Graf Spee, *had broken the grim and ominous calm. We were thrilled by it and, as we know now, were misled by it. It was a good omen, but we saw it out of scale.*

We did not realise that behind that mask of quietude on the front Hitler was rotting the soul of France.

NOR, EVEN WITH THE FATE OF POLAND TO WARN US, HAD WE ANY REAL APPRECIATION OF THE MIGHT OF GERMANY OR OF THE HORROR WITH WHICH TOTALITARIAN WAR WAS TO ENGULF US. WE KNEW NEITHER OUR OWN WEAKNESS NOR HITLER'S STRENGTH.

We basked in the warmth shed by the flames of the *Graf Spee*. It was a Christmas of illusion and false hopes.

There followed the darkest Christmas this nation has ever experienced in all its thousand years of history. We stood alone. Our ally had collapsed like a house of cards.

Hitler had swept all Western Europe from the North Cape to the Bay of Biscay. With the loss of the French fleet the Mediterranean seemed gone. Our cities were in ruins.

Only the miracle of the Battle of Britain had warded off actual invasion. But invasion still seemed imminent and our defences still only rudimentary.

In the eyes of all the world, even the friendly world of America, we were lost past hope of salvation.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE PEOPLE THAT DID NOT DESPAIR OF US. IT WAS OUR OWN.

But it was a grim Christmas—the Christmas of the great nightmare, when all who were not fighting the flames above ground were crowded in fœtid shelters below ground. May we never spend another such.

★ ★ ★

Counting our war Christmases as the judge in the prize rings counts rounds, that of 1941 "went to us." It went to us mainly thanks to Hitler. He had given us two great allies.

In the summer he had brought Russia into the war on our side. On the eve of Christmas he declared war on the United States as the price of bringing Japan into the war on his side.

These two actions were the supreme blunders in a career as rich in major blunders as any in history. The first was a mistake. The second was an insane gamble designed to redeem the mistake.

Together they decided the issue of the war.

It was no longer a lightning war in which surprise and terror were the main elements. It was a war of attrition, of endurance, of manpower, of material resources. And in such a war the balance went against Hitler with crushing emphasis.

It is true that the startling successes of Japan at first seemed to suggest that the gamble might come off.

But the *blitz* policy in the East was as illusory as the *blitz* policy in the West had been. The *blitz* must win by a *tour de force* or not at all. When it has spent itself, the realities of war take command. And the realities of war were no longer on the side of the Axis.

★ ★ ★

This is the fact that dominates the scene at this fourth Christmas of the War. In order to measure the surge of events since last Christmas we must recall the target the Axis aimed at when Japan took the plunge last December.

IT WAS TO ISOLATE RUSSIA AND LINK UP THE THREE LIMBS OF THE AXIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

This was to do two things. It would disintegrate the United Nations and it would integrate the Axis.

Von Rundstedt's French 'Army'

FRENCH soldiers learning to goose-step to German regimental marches!

It's a dreadful thought, but it is quite likely to happen soon in the army Laval visualises for France.

Already, in fact, Field-Marshal von Rundstedt, typical Prussian, is virtually head of this army which is in the process of being formed. It has been announced, also, that it will be in charge of German instructors.

★ ★ ★

What sort of an army can it be?

Laval has boasted that he will be able to raise 200,000 men for what he describes as "France's contribution to the defence of Europe." I would take a bet that he will hardly reach one-tenth of that figure.

Only fanatical Fascists are likely to volunteer under such disgraceful conditions. And, after all, there is a precedent.

When Doriot and Déat, with the blessing of Pétain and Laval, tried to raise a big anti-Bolshevik Legion in July last year to fight in Russia they failed dismally.

Not more than some 8,000 men could be cajoled or threatened into this "crusade" against Russia.

Even this "army" gave such a poor account of itself in Russia that the German High Command was soon afraid of using it in the line and it was withdrawn some months ago.

Hitler must know quite well that this new French "army," which he has offered to let von Rundstedt build up, will hardly be better, either in quantity or quality, than Doriot's ill-famed Legion.

Why, then, does he bother at all?

Partly because he is bound to keep up his fiction of "Europe united in the defence against Bolshevism."

This was his great idea when he declared war against Russia.

Fantastic as it may seem to us, it is quite conceivable that he really thought that the peoples of Europe (and America, too!) would fall for the trick. At any rate, he needed that slogan to pep up the German people.

Then there is another more urgent reason why Hitler is anxious to announce the formation of a new French "army."

★ ★ ★

He wants to proclaim a formal "alliance" with France under which the so-called French Government will have to declare war on the United Nations.

But an "ally" must have an army. The old French army, the real one, is still in the German prison camps. The little "Armistice Army" of 100,000 men seemed to Hitler too patriotic, and, therefore, too dangerous.

So he had to disband it, and offered—or rather ordered—Pétain to build up a new one under von Rundstedt's supervision.

★ ★ ★

Hitler does not care much about its numbers nor about its fighting value, provided that the officers and men are reliable Fascists, capable of dealing at least with the French home front, and thus relieving, to a certain extent, the German Wehrmacht and the S.S. from their task as an occupation army.

A declaration of war by Pétain will make as much difference to us as if it came from the Nazi puppets in Slovakia or Croatia.

But to Hitler it means a great deal from the point of view of his propaganda at home and among his war-weary satellites.

He might then say to them: "Look how strong I am, and how confident the world is in my final victory!

"Even the big French nation, under its glorious Marshal Pétain, has now become my ally. This is not the moment for breaking away from me. . . ."

V. S.

TMAS

The advantage of the United Nations is that through the command of the sea they are an organic whole. The disadvantage of the Axis is that it functions in two watertight compartments.

America and Britain can munition Russia, but Japan cannot help Germany directly any more than Germany can help Japan.

The programme of Hitler and Tojo aimed at reversing this state of things.

HITLER HAD TAKEN A BAD KNOCK IN RUSSIA IN 1941. BUT HE WAS CONFIDENT OF HIS CAPACITY TO ACCOMPLISH THIS YEAR WHAT HE HAD FAILED TO ACCOMPLISH LAST.

He would roll Stalin back to the Volga, leave Russia defeated behind his lightly held eastern wall, and smash through the Caucasus to Persia.

There he would join up with Rommel, who in the meantime had seized the Suez and crashed into the Middle East by way of Syria.

There, too, he would link up with Tojo's triumphant avalanche from the Pacific.

Thus Russia would be put in cold storage, the Mediterranean would be a German lake, and the United Nations would be broken up into isolated fragments.

★ ★ ★

That was the big idea. How completely it has collapsed is the story of the fateful and decisive year that is closing.

THE GREAT EPIC OF RUSSIA, SUMMED UP IN THE IMMORTAL NAME OF STALINGRAD, HAS SOARED TO A GRANDER THEME EVEN THAN THAT OF MOSCOW IN 1941.

Russia is not isolated. She stands triumphant and unconquerable. Hitler's hordes are perishing once more in the Russian snows.

Rommel has not seized the Suez. With the fragments of his beaten army he is in flight a thousand miles away. Nearly the whole of the North African littoral is in our hands.

Instead of the Axis pincers meeting in the Middle East, our pincers are closing in on Tunis.

And with the fall of Tunis, which it is no extravagance to anticipate, the Mediterranean will be ours and Italy will be lopped off from the Axis like a bit of rotten timber.

Madagascar is snatched from the clutches of Japan and French North Africa from Hitler. The French fleet, which Hitler was about to seize, lies scuttled in Toulon harbour. And on the other side of the world Tojo's wings are being clipped, and no S O S from Hitler will bring him to his aid.

YES, THIS IS THE CHRISTMAS FOR WHICH WE HAVE WAITED SO LONG AND SO ANXIOUSLY.

WITH THE PROMISE IT HOLDS OUT THAT THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE IS BEGINNING TO DAWN, WE CAN UTTER WITH NEW MEANING AND A DEEPER FERVOUR THE ANCIENT AND BEAUTIFUL MESSAGE CONSECRATED TO THE BEST-LOVED FESTIVAL OF OUR YEAR.

Only Women Can Fill The Gaps!

★ One of the most vital war secrets Hitler would like to know is what we are doing with our man and woman power. Not even Parliament, soon to discuss the subject behind closed doors, is likely to be told everything

NATURALLY, Hitler would first like to know the exact strength of our various armed forces.

But no less would he like to know what our industrial army concentrates on most at a given moment — tanks, locomotives, military bridges, light naval craft, invasion barges, bombers, mountain or tropical equipment or countless other articles of ordnance.

Indeed, one loose word about a heavy transference of labour within the engineering industry might tell him where the Big Blow is going to fall just as surely as if we sent him an advance copy of our plans!

Now this very necessary need for secrecy is in some respects a great pity.

If the British public could be told the facts and figures they would carry their heads—which they already hold high—considerably higher.

And critics of Britain's part in the war would feel their platform collapse under them.

When Mr. Ernest Bevin became Minister of Labour he undertook the gigantic task of sending to their proper war stations everybody in a nation of 46,750,000 people fitted to play a part.

Taking everybody from 14 to 65 years of age as of *potential* value in the war effort, he found there would be 33,250,000 people at his disposal.

That includes everybody, even the mothers of ten or more children, although he has made clear that he is going to apply no compulsion to such people.

Considerably more than 18 millions have been registered for service in the Forces or the war factories (that is, under the National Service Acts or the Registration for Employment Order).

Boys and Girls

If you take into account fire-watching and youth registration (and remember that boys and girls of 16 and 17 are merely *encouraged* and not *compelled* to undertake some form of war service) the total of registrations for all forms of war service are far in excess of 25 million.

Let us view in yet another way what those 33,250,000 potentially available citizens are doing.

No fewer than 23,500,000 of them are "gainfully occupied," including the Armed Forces at home and abroad. That makes an appropriate allowance for people who have undertaken part-time work, but doesn't include them as full-timers.

And it doesn't take into account the hundreds of thousands of women working with the W.V.S.; nor women fully or partly occupied housing evacuees, factory workers, etc.; nor voluntary workers in nursery schools, canteens, etc.

Making allowances for all such people might mean adding another two million to the figures given.

There is one other vital statistic to be mentioned in dealing with the general mass of people between 14 and 65.

Well over 8,000,000 of them come under the Registration for Employment Order (under which a man or woman whose work is not to the best national advantage may be directed into essential industry).

Men in their forties who have recently been directed to train for such work include manufacturers of non-essential goods—and the workers making or distributing such goods.

About 16 million males are included in Mr. Bevin's pool of 33,250,000 between 14 and 65 years of age.

We have got to be very sparing in figures in regard to them. We can give no hint as to the numbers that have gone into the Forces.

But you might remember that the armed Services have a far bigger appetite for manpower than ever before.

That we are already putting into uniform men over forty who served in the last war.

That, since October last, we have lowered the age of eligibility to eighteen.

And that the new National Service Bill will call for registration for service in the Armed Forces four months before the eighteenth birthday is attained.

1,000,000 more

And, while remembering all that, remember too that twelve months ago we had a million more men engaged in munitions than at the end of the last war!

And how about women?

There are 17,250,000 between the ages of 14 and 65.

Of those, 11,000,000 are either married or occupied in necessary household duties.

Millions of those have a perfect right to say that they do the most valuable of war work without leaving their garden gates.

They've got 9,000,000 children under the age of fourteen to look after, anyway. And invalids. And old people. And the workers who are running the factories.

Yet a large proportion of those 11,000,000 women with home ties are already doing whole-time or part-time war work. Must be—for consider . . .

There are only 4¼ million unmarried women and girls between the ages of fourteen and sixty five.

Yet the total of female workers in all industries and the Forces (excluding domestic service) exceeds 6¾ millions

Our debt is Big

On top of that, 300,000 women are doing part-time work, and the figure is mounting rapidly.

There remains the effort of the children of from fourteen to seventeen.

No fewer than 77½ per cent. of the boys and 67½ per cent. of the girls of those ages are engaged in war work.

It is something to rejoice about—but something to think about, at the same time!

Mr. Bevin has not accepted them lightly. He thinks of hundreds of thousands of interrupted educations.

He is strongly of the view that we have got to make available to all young people, after the war, everything they have lost educationally—and more.

And now, with this necessarily bald review in your mind of what we have done with our labour pool, put yourself in his place!

Demand is already vastly in excess of supply in the manpower market. Where next can he look?

The answer is: mainly among women.

He is dredging the war factories for every man who can be spared—even men once regarded as key men.

But their work is already war work. Therefore they can only go out as women come in.

He is looking to still younger men in his search for sailors, soldiers, airmen. And coal miners. He is just as keen to get strong lads in vital underground work.

But you have seen how vast a percentage of young people are already doing war work—and they can only leave their present jobs as their sisters come forward.

Then, again, it is true enough there are still men in the three Services fit for combatant duties but not employed in such duties.

But how can they be released until women come forward to take their place?

Look where Mr. Bevin will for a solution of his manpower problems, the answer is always: woman.

There are bound to be big and quick calls-up of women soon, particularly single ones.

And some action might be taken against firms deliberately rude to married women applying for part-time work—any two of whom releases one whole-time woman for mobile duties, which again releases a man for front-line fighting duties.

No more can be told you of the miracle story of the utilisation of Britain's manpower—which, after all, is the story of what Britain has done.

But rest assured that in the whole history of time—and that includes these present war years—no people have done more than the people of Britain are doing today: and that is still not enough!

MAURICE FAGENCE.

Mr. Ernest Bevin, as Minister of Labour, wishes he could tell the world the whole magnificent story of what Britain's men and women are doing

BIG TURKEY MUDDLE AGAIN

DID you get your Christmas turkey? Or have you had to be content with a chicken or a duck?

Or, as seems to me far more likely, have you made shift with your ordinary meat ration?

For the whole business of Christmas poultry supplies has been muddled again.

It has been the same story as last year.

The Ministry of Food has issued regulations which—with maximum prices fixed—were calculated to give every household the same chance of buying a bird, although supplies were admittedly insufficient to supply everybody.

The profiteers have laughed at the regulations. They demanded and received prices well above maximum.

It was good fun buying your turkey alive in the days of plenty, but this year it was part of a mean ramp.

Cheated Again

In all too many cases supplies have *again* gone to the highest bidders.

And millions of people who don't mind being beaten in a scramble, if it is a fair one, have a sense of being cheated again.

Why?

Because the Food Ministry takes the view that turkeys—and other Christmas poultry—are luxuries, anyway.

They told my representative that when he called on them.

Therefore they make no attempt to regulate distribution and sale as firmly as they do with other foodstuffs.

They are content with delicate, finger-tip control which is no control at all, and certainly has very little restraining effect on the food sharks.

It is estimated that a million birds reached here from Ireland.

They were for civilian consumers.

Not for hotels and restaurants. The Ministry ordered that no turkey should be included on their menus from December 20 to 31, with the solitary exception of Christmas Day.

They were all for the domestic table—and, eked out with fowls, ducks and other birds and smallish quantities of hares and rabbits, should have provided off-the-ration Christmas fare for eight to ten million people.

Intended for Forces

Then there were some hundreds of thousands of home-reared birds. They, it was intended, should go to the Forces, mainly through N.A.A.F.I.

I don't know how much reached the Forces, but it must have been a very small percentage of the whole.

What happened?

Lord Woolton became the sole importer of those million birds from Ireland.

That was excellent.

It cut out a tremendous amount of the racketeering indulged in by dealers, both in Ireland and this country. Their secret profits last year can only be guessed at.

He distributed them through a semi-official marketing organisation, which was excellent again.

I have evidence that that organisation did its job well.

As far as was humanly possible, it at least ensured fairness of distribution as between the different areas.

Grabbing Hotels

It was after that that the trouble occurred.

A large proportion of Irish and home birds alike have found their way to hotels and restaurants which—dismayed somewhat at not being allowed to sell cooked turkey all through Christmas—don't find it difficult to refrigerate birds for a matter of weeks.

The ban I have mentioned simply made these caterers more gluttonous for chickens and other poultry, and they offered prices far and away in excess of anything the average consumer could afford to pay.

There was the matter of "local sales."

I happen to know that many home breeders were directed by the Food Minister to market their birds through such channels that they would be sure to reach the retail shops.

But how often was it found more convenient to "sell the birds" locally?

Selling birds "locally" can mean something more than selling to your friends, even when you regard everybody over a wide area as a friend.

Caterers calling at the door from the big cities become friends.

They are known to the breeder. If they are not known, they are introduced by somebody who is known.

And the price they pay is nobody's business. It is certainly well above the maximum retail price that can be demanded.

And so those birds are lost to the ordinary consumer.

Live Bird Ramp

Another trick is worked more openly.

Although there is control of the prices of birds for the table, you can pay what you like for a stock bird, which means one intended for breeding purposes.

This is true of all kinds of poultry.

So caterers and others—private citizens with deep pockets among them—have been going along and buying birds for the Christmas table alive.

Their necks are wrung, of course, at the first convenient opportunity. They are eaten all right. Served as a restaurant dish they fetch fabulous prices.

But again they have been stolen from the tables of the ordinary domestic consumer—who, again, should at least have had a fair chance of buying them.

Well, the old muddle has been repeated, and it is too late to do anything about it now.

Except to start the New Year with *real control* of the poultry trade.

Eggs go through packing stations, a system of distribution which, on the whole, is a very fair one.

Even when eggs are pretty well non-existent, what few are available are distributed more or less equitably.

Why shouldn't all kinds of poultry be distributed and marketed through somewhat similar channels?

It isn't good enough to dismiss them loftily as "luxuries."

Many thousands of turkeys are reared on cream and hens' eggs—and they are very much necessities.

And, when they have gorged for weeks on pailfuls of the best invalid diet, as many as 50 per cent. of them may die. There's nothing more delicate on or around the farmyard than a turkey.

Tighten Control

I'd rather see the whole of the turkey-rearing business closed down tomorrow—the people who tend them turned on to real farming, the rich foods they eat given to expectant mothers, children, invalids—than to see birds bred in the interests of profiteers and people who don't care what they pay.

After all, production of turkeys, poultry of other kinds, rabbits and game represent 10 per cent. of our present meat consumption.

Sufficient for me to demand that it shall be distributed fairly. Sufficient for Lord Woolton to decide on stronger measures of control than any he has yet tried.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. S. T. Pretty, Stoughton Road, Guildford, Surrey, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are welcomed on all matters calling for inquiry or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Beware New Doorstep Cheats

ON several occasions I have warned housewives about bogus officials who, misusing the name of some Government Department or pretending to come from the local council, are just petty thieves.

One man, recently caught while posing as a Food Inspector, was reported to the police by a reader who had heeded one of these warnings.

Now a new type of swindling caller is at work in different parts in the guise of a Ministry "pensions inquiry agent."

She is a young woman of about thirty, well dressed, with a most sympathetic manner.

By some means she finds out what pension a widow, mother or old-age pensioner is receiving. Then, requesting an interview, she says she has come to see whether it cannot be increased.

With disarming scrutiny, she inspects the rent book and other papers, and then by a clever subterfuge contrives to be left alone for a brief period during which she steals everything of value.

Jewellery, handbags, money and even ration books are raked in among her routine booty.

So never let any such person into your house without first asking for his or her card of authority.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WHAT WAS MY MOST EXCITING CHRISTMAS?

● "A lot of people, forced to practise austerity, are consoling themselves with memories of past Christmases," says a reader, "I wonder whether any special Christmas stands out in Mr. Swaffer's memory."

As it happens, most of my Christmases have been normal. Only two have been spent abroad—one on the Nile, where the native boatmen gave us an entertainment remarkable only for its noise, and one in New York, which all my friends seemed to have deserted.

My most remarkable Christmas Day was one in which I condemned myself to play the part of a friendless man in London.

Apart from a visit to the Foundling Hospital to hear the carols, it was one long boredom. Then I knew what loneliness meant.

WHAT IS PANTOMIME'S SECRET?

● Frankly, I consider that a race brought up in its youth to enjoy pantomimes was being put into training for the blitz.

I could never understand—and I shall never do so—why such an institution survived one year. Yet on and on it goes. . . .

As everyone knows the plot, a pantomime is barren of novelty. Few of the comedians are possessed of more than a particle of humour. The continuous repetition of a "gag"—"I've seen you before" is a specimen—is childlike.

"Peter Pan," to my mind, is an ideal entertainment for young and old. "Cinderella" has bored me since I was eight.

Well, the parents will continue to take the children "because the kids like it," and the children, while continuing to fall in with the idea, will no doubt think, inside themselves, "It pleases father."

IS HOUSING BEING TACKLED?

● I share the fears, expressed by several readers, that the urgent need for the completion of plans for the building of 4,000,000 houses is not yet recognised.

It depends, you see, on the central reconstruction plan for which Sir William Jowitt is said to be responsible. Actually, he is almost powerless.

The story continues to spread from Whitehall that Downing Street itself continually postpones, and even evades, post-war planning.

Until the War Cabinet produces its all-embracing scheme, and gets it through the Commons, the individual Ministries can plot and plan in vain.

For it is upon the War Cabinet—how it will deal with land, for instance—that all depends.

And there must be some definite detail. Vague generalities like those contained in the Atlantic Charter won't satisfy the country any longer.

MYSTERY OF THE INVISIBLE HOUSE

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY
By WILL SCOTT

UNTIL that fateful leave the lieutenant was one of the brightest as well as the most popular men in the whole Army. A smile for everybody, a word for most. And good for twenty hours a day without showing the slightest sign of wear.

More than one said he would reach the top before the war reached its end.

And then came the leave. . .

The change was noticed immediately. His thoughts were obviously elsewhere. He was nervous and touchy. He would pass without even a stare men with whom he had been on the closest footing. A simple word would bring a retort that was almost a snarl.

It was a change for the worse that had come over the lieutenant.

And then, by the sheerest luck, good or ill, the telephone message was intercepted. And wheels began to move.

A plainish man with the name of Tucker—which he picked out of a book he happened to be reading at the time—took train to the West Country and got off near the village of Lexley Cleever.

He looked like a commercial traveller who had never been within a million miles of the Intelligence Service.

He began to poke about.

After an hour or two his temper began to be frayed a little. He wondered if somebody in power had mistaken the date for the first of April.

Standing in the middle of the road near the Bakery Shop, he pushed back his hat and mopped his brow. Down the steps from the Bakery Shop came the local postman. Mr. Tucker pushed his hat back in place and stepped forward.

"You'll excuse me," he said. "I'm a stranger here. I'm looking for a house called the Gables."

"Gables?" said the postman.

"Yes," said Mr. Tucker.

"No house of that name here," said the postman.

"Hereabouts," said Mr. Tucker.

"Not for miles," said the postman.

His temper frayed a little more, Mr. Tucker turned the corner and went into the village inn for a pint which was really half an excuse.

"I'm looking," he said to the landlord, "for a house called the Gables."

"Never heard of it," said the landlord.

"There must be one," said Mr. Tucker.

"Dunno about must; there ain't," said the landlord.

His temper now frayed considerably, Mr. Tucker left the village inn and caught a bus to the county town, only two miles away. He'd got an idea.

He spent the next two hours in the public library, going through the directories for every village within miles and then his temper cracked completely.

He clenched his fist and stamped round to the police station and put through a call to London.

"Listen, chief," he said when he was connected. "I want to get this clear. Something seems to have come unstuck. Is this how it goes? The lieutenant is getting messages from Blank, whoever Blank may be, through a third party.

"BLANK puts the messages behind a grandfather clock and the third party picks 'em up and gets 'em through to the lieutenant somehow?"

"Yes," said a distant voice.

"Right. Now, the grandfather clock is in a house called the Gables?"

"Yes," said the distant voice.

"And the Gables is in a village called Lexley Cleever?"

"That's right," said the distant voice.

"Well, it just isn't right," said Mr. Tucker, his voice rising a note or two. "I've combed the place till there isn't a hair left on its head. There's no such house within miles and miles."

Away from the fringe of the woods, past the village inn, up to the imposing mass of Cleever Towers—and then the car got him

"Our instructions are absolutely clear," said the distant voice. "We intercepted a phone call——"

"There is no such house as the Gables," snapped Mr. Tucker.

"Hold on," said the distant voice. And then, after a very long pause: "You'd better come back and we'll go into it afresh."

"Can't come back to-night," growled Mr. Tucker. "The last train's gone!"

He had dinner at the best hotel—which didn't go far towards "best"—and walked out again to Lexley Cleever to kill time. There was nothing else to do.

He walked up the hill to Lexley Cleever, past the Bakery Shop, past the Green, past the imposing mass of Cleever Towers, past the village inn and up to the fringe of the woods. A distant clock struck eight. He turned back.

Away from the fringe of the woods, past the village inn, up to the imposing mass of Cleever Towers. . . .

And then the car got him.

Damning the black-out, he tried to sit up against the big iron gates of Cleever Towers. A chauffeur was running round from the front of the car. A big man was getting out—a man who looked like a colonel, and was.

There was a good deal of talk. The Colonel even apologised. There was a conference. It was Mr. Tucker's ankle that was wrong. He was carried indoors.

"Get him up to the nursery," said the Colonel, "and put him on the bed. Briggs had better phone a doctor."

And Mr. Tucker was laid upon the bed in the nursery, and the Colonel's daughter (who was, in Mr. Tucker's opinion, an angel) looked after him, and the Colonel's other daughter (who was only twelve) asked questions and got in the way.

And the doctor came and said Mr. Tucker was lucky, that it was nothing really, that Mr. Tucker would be on his way in the morning.

And the Colonel barked a lot, and Mr. Tucker began to hate the sight of him. He was, decided Mr. Tucker, more like a feudal baron than a man of modern times.

Not that Mr. Tucker really cared, one way or the other. He went to sleep.

The next morning Mr. Tucker had the surprise of his life. The Gables!

Making sure that nobody could see him, he tip-toed towards the grandfather's clock which stood in the hall. He put his hand behind and drew out a letter addressed to the lieutenant. He tore it open and read it.

"Well, can you beat it!" Mr. Tucker said to nobody.

WHEN he got back to London he made a speech to the chief.

"You've got it all wrong, skipper," he said. "It isn't espionage. It's love."

"Love?" said the chief.

Mr. Tucker passed him the stolen letter.

"Have a look at that."

The chief had a look at it.

"*That*," said Mr. Tucker, "is why he mopes about and goes off his birdseed. *That* is why he forgets the faces of old friends and can't keep his mind on his job. I was able to put two and two together while I was down there."

"Go on," said the chief.

"Well," said Mr. Tucker, "the girl's old man is a colonel and so blue-blooded he makes the sky look white. His family has been there since William One, and nobody but a duke is good enough for Girlie. You get the idea? A mere lieutenant? Disgusting. So he won't let 'em meet. He won't even let 'em write. So *that's* to be done on the sly."

"Go *on*," said the chief.

"I reckon he opens all her out-going letters," said Mr. Tucker, "so that she's got to get up to tricks. So she puts the letters behind the grandfather clock in the Gables and little sister gets 'em and smuggles 'em out and——"

"I thought you said there wasn't such a house as the Gables," said the chief.

"I hadn't found it then," said Mr. Tucker.

"Where did you find it?"

"In the nursery."

"In the *nursery*?"

"Yes. You see," said Mr. Tucker, "it wasn't the sort of house I was looking for. It was a doll's house."

You Dunno Where You Are!

THE other morning my daily newspaper told me that American production had beaten all expectations as well as all records, and was soaring to unheard-of heights.

That same evening my radio told me that, according to Mr. Donald Nelson, American production was disappointing.

A week or two ago Sir Somebodyor-other informed us that Germany's day was past the noon and that a German invasion of this country was out of the question.

★ ★ ★

Within twenty-four hours Sir Somebodyelse warned us that the danger of German invasion was as great now as it had been at any time.

Quite recently we were told (*a*) to stop growing potatoes, as the country was stiff with the things, (*b*) to eat more potatoes and so reduce the vast stocks, and (*c*) to grow more potatoes, as there would shortly be a shortage.

As the man once said: You dunno where you are.

In this whirligig of a present-day world you can only be really sure of one thing.

You can be sure that if somebody high up tells you that all will be well by Saturday morning somebody else high up will tell you within twenty-four hours that all will be lost by Saturday morning unless we all do something quickly.

You can be sure that if you hear *officially* that it is the depth of disloyalty to play Snakes and Ladders you will hear *officially*, before another sun has set, that in order to keep up the morale of the nation you should play Snakes and Ladders as hard as you can go.

It's so nice and muddling.

Mind, if the Secretary for Something said *white* and old Smith next door came out with *black* next morning you'd know where you were. The Secretary for Something would be *official*, whereas old Smith next door would be—since he always was—just a talkative ass.

But it isn't like that. When the Secretary for Something says, *officially*, white, it's not Smith, but the Secretary for Something Else, who says black. It's *official*.

They both are!

Probably it's done to fog old Adolf. But fogs spread.

I, for one, have given it up. When I hear, or read, that an Eminent Person has made a profound statement I no longer take it in.

★ ★ ★

I wait for the next newspaper or the six o'clock news—and there, sure enough, another Eminent Person is up on his back legs calling the first Eminent Person a liar. In effect.

One day peace will be declared. Shall I believe it? Not on your life. I shall say: "Wait till to-morrow morning and see what the other chap has to tell us!"

A. G.

—HUMAN MACHINE—

FORWARD—ALWAYS FORWARD

The publication of the Beveridge Report may not seem, at first sight, to have very much to do with these little articles, but it has.

For it is a very striking recognition by Authority of the profound truth that you can't ever go back—if you wish to survive.

Forward—always forward.

That and no other must be the slogan and the gospel for all adventurers through life.

There is always a temptation, especially when things aren't going any too well, to sigh for "the good old days." There couldn't be a bigger fallacy.

No doubt the "good old days" were good enough—in the good old days. They certainly wouldn't be good now.

The world moves on, whether we like it or not. If we don't choose to move with it, it's going to be very uncomfortable for us one day.

Our job, in simple language, is to stop fooling ourselves and apply sound common-sense to life. That means creating for ourselves and those around us the best life conditions possible.

The late G. K. Chesterton once remarked that "Tradition does not mean that the living are dead, but that the dead are alive."

It may be so—but we should probably be better off if they could be persuaded to stay dead!

★ *Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without of course giving your name).*

SHOULD SHE SHIELD HER SISTER?

By HUMANIST

GOOD wishes for Christmas began coming from readers in the first week in December, and in thanking them I should like to take the opportunity of sending my greetings to all readers.

However impossible it may be to feel the traditional good will towards those responsible for the vile tyranny we are fighting, there is no reason why it should not prevail in our own circles.

And I have two problems which the Christmas spirit should help to solve.

One concerns a woman reader who is shielding her sister's good name by sacrificing her own. The letter is too long and complicated to quote in full, but, briefly, the facts are as follows:

After the mother's death, two sisters were living with their father. The old man had about £30 in his share book which he entrusted to one of his daughters, but she "blued" the money.

"My brother told me never to speak to him again"

When the father found that his money was gone, he was furiously angry, but he refrained from telling her husband to save her from trouble.

"When my father died," *writes the other sister,* "I promised to take the blame for the missing money. My eldest brother knew there should be some money and intended us all to get a share.

"He asked about it on the day of the funeral and I told him I had taken it. I did this to save my sister.

"My brother told me never to speak to him again. I am sorry to say I never did.

"It is ten years since I took the blame for my sister's action. She has never told her husband.

"He thinks I took the money and I cannot tell you the nasty remarks he has made to my husband about me, but my husband has had to bite his lip and say nothing, although he knows the truth.

"MY husband and I have had many quarrels since. He says my sister ought to have confessed to her husband and cleared our names.

"We did not think we should have to bear the blame for ever. It is not fair on my family, either. I don't want them to be told that their mother robbed their grandfather.

"Don't you think my sister ought to tell her husband? I'm still afraid that it might break up their home, but something must be done about it."

This is one of those nasty problems which one is tempted to shirk, but things cannot remain as they are.

If the writer continues to bear the blame, her own children will hear false stories about her while the real culprit is getting off scot free!

After all these years the truth must come out. The guilty sister must be made to "own up" against her will.

There will be a storm when her husband finds out, but she cannot expect to escape that.

If she had any conscience at all she would never have agreed to the deception in the first instance. It is all so intolerably unjust. One must have justice first. The loss of £30 is a trifle compared with the loss of good name.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash," said Shakespeare, "but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed."

The reader who sends the other problem says:

"A lady asked me whether she is right in objecting to her husband's "interfering"! He is an ambitious man, anxious to get on in the world. He would like to become a councillor, a magistrate, an M.P., but she wants him to stay at home with her.

I reminded her that if he were in the Forces he would not be at home, but he served in the last war and she does not want him to be away again.

He has been trying to help the work of the British Legion, but his wife put her foot down and he gave it up. She says there are plenty of others to do that kind of work.

She does not want him to do anything that will keep him away from home, yet he has ability and public spirit. What do you think about such a wife?"

I think she is extremely selfish. If every wife took up such an attitude there would be no public work done at all except by bachelors and spinsters.

Apart from the selfishness of it, the policy is wrong.

A HOME cannot be happy when the man is kept "on the lead" and frustrated.

When a man does achieve success in anything he undertakes, his wife and family always share it to the full.

Let him work to realise his ambitions and life for everybody in the home will be richer, fuller, and certainly happier.

Now that so many married women are showing their public spirit in voluntary work, I suggest that the wife should do something herself.

What is the point of sitting at home, killing time with trivialities, when the nation is fighting for its existence.

What did that woman do in the World War? She stopped at home and never lifted a finger to help. She also saw to it that her husband was as useless as herself. What an epitaph!

WAR WEAPONS MAGIC

THREE people—the Scientist, the Salvage Collector, and the Housewife—have created, from Waste, a major war-winning industry for Britain.

Today, every home is helping to supply materials for arming and equipping millions of fighting men—materials which are releasing hundreds of merchant ships for other vital imports.

Read about it all in "The Amazing Story of Weapons Made from Waste"—a fully illustrated little book—price 6d.

It describes in detail the transformation of every kind of waste material into brand new equipment and war weapons through the magic of modern science.

★ **Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

CHRISTMAS greetings sent off weeks ago from distant lands where our troops are fighting are reaching homes all over the country this week.

These eagerly awaited messages leave no doubt about the way the festival should be regarded in these stern days.

Like the explanation of Trooper W. Burton, of the Queen's Bays, writing from Libya to his wife at Yeovil, Somerset. He says:

You will have to wait a while for your presents as I can't get to a town to do any shopping. We have a bit of fighting on hand and leisure is limited.

I'll be thinking of you at Christmas, though, and hope you and Bobby have a happy time.

If you don't have a turkey, don't worry. Will have one next year all right, and we'll be together.

This Christmas card, drawn by Gunner G. Gibbs in Libya, reached his wife at Carlton Grove, Little Horton, Bradford, by airgraph

ADVANCE XMAS PARTY

In sending his greetings to his grandmother at Long Road, Crosby, Scunthorpe, Lincs, Pilot Officer Paidmore, also in Libya, tells of a kind of advance Christmas party:

As the result of a slight accident we have been marooned near a native village, and we had a lovely time. Owing to lack of petrol I had to come down unexpectedly, and the whole village turned out to welcome us and inspect the aircraft.

They brought us tea in small medicine glasses, without milk but with plenty of sugar. It was black but it was delicious.

The local sheik came over on his camel when the news of our arrival reached him, bringing his bed with him. After our feast he went to sleep under the wing of our aircraft.

This place should be called Hospitality Village!

The natives made a fire and roasted some chickens for us, brought fresh eggs and milk, and even beds for us to sleep on. In fact, they made us so welcome that we were sorry to leave.

"WHAT A SCRAP!"

Here's another revealing glimpse of the army with which The Great Miscalculator tried to frighten the world.

It comes from Corporal L. Truckell, The Rifle Brigade, in a letter to a relative at Fernlea Road, Mitcham, Surrey:

It was misty and down in the dip we suddenly saw a whole column of transport, troops and guns. In the early dawn we were not sure at first if it was the enemy, but we soon found out that they were "Ities," and we let them have it.

What a scrap! I got so excited I picked up a Bren gun and, firing from the hip, let fly right into the back of the trucks loaded with troops.

We were so warmed up watching the tracer bullets going into the trucks that we didn't bother about what was coming back at us.

The "Ities" scattered as fast as their trucks would take them, although, if they had but known it, we were only a platoon, and had they made a fight of it we should have been hopelessly outnumbered.

When we went in to mop up we got several field-guns and over a hundred prisoners. We buried their dead and tidied up. Our losses were nil.

We had a bit more excitement when a Stuka dropped a 1,000 lb. bomb, too near to us for it to be comfortable, but our luck was in and it failed to go off.

Don't worry and keep smiling—I'm fine.

"FIZZ" AT 2d. A GLASS

The British Tommy is nothing if not inventive, and no one will begrudge the little extra beer and baccy money raked in by the enterprise described by Gunner T. Hansford, Royal Artillery, when writing to a friend at Kennilworth Road, Barry Dock, South Wales, about his journey to the East:

Talk about profiteering! A few of our chaps made a "packet" selling "fizzers" to the thirsty troops. They put buckets of water to cool under the wind scoop chutes below deck, and then sold glasses of icy cold water, with a little health salts added, at 2d. a glass!

When we entered the shark-infested harbour at —— one of our men dived overboard and swam round the ship for a bet. He escaped the sharks, but the ship's police were waiting for him when he came up the ladder.

But he seemed to think it was worth it!

RAIN—BY GUM!

Manchester will have to look out for its reputation. Gunner R. Wood, with the 2nd Coast Regiment in West Africa, comes from Manchester, and he should know all about rain. He gives an expert opinion to his mother at Anglesea Avenue, Harpurhey:

It rains here as much as it is supposed to do in Manchester, and it is terrific when it starts.

Lakes sprang up overnight round our huts. Some were 2 ft. deep, which was not too comfortable.

Next night every bullfrog from the near-by marshes came to serenade us, and if you can imagine a few hundred Klaxon motor horns being sounded beneath your bedroom window you will get some idea of what the chorus was like.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

MY sister, twenty and single, became unemployed seven weeks ago when she volunteered for the A.T.S. Since then she has heard nothing and is still unemployed.—"H. I. N.," Bilston, Staffs.

★ ★ ★

There are hundreds of men and women in workhouses who could be doing useful war work. They are not sick or feeble-minded, but they are there for no other reason than that they were homeless on the day of admission.—Task Master, St. Helens.

★ ★ ★

Why not allow householders extra coupons for linen only? So many for each person in the house. This would be fairer than having to use clothing coupons for household linen.—"M.," Lincs.

★ ★ ★

People are getting careless about their black-outs. Don't let complacency again cause the deaths of civilians this winter. —I. Carless, Newport, Mon.

★ ★ ★

In a Southern town which shelters many evacuees, houses and apartments are at a premium. Yet many houses requisitioned for military use have been standing empty for many months.—"E. W. G.," Dorset.

★ ★ ★

The law allows taxis to be hired for shopping in towns with trams and 'buses on almost every road. This waste of petrol and tyres should be stopped.—K. Baxter, Eiland Road, Leeds.

★ ★ ★

Few people make use of rain water which is cheap. A whole wash can be done in this soft water without heating it. Clothes washed in it last longer, and less soap is needed. This idea is worth Government encouragement.—Miss M. Hargreaves, Bagillt, Flintshire.

"BULLY" INCOGNITO

And here is a tribute to the Indian cooks serving with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force from Wireless Operator J. Bennett, Royal Corps of Signals, who writes to his wife at Stephens Road, Barnehurst, Bexley Heath, Kent:

The transport we had been promised did not arrive, so we kicked our heels about the place all day long.

Fortunately, the grub was very good. These Indian cooks certainly know their job, and take far more trouble than their British counterparts, with the result that they cook food instead of spoiling it.

Also they know about a dozen ways of disguising bully beef!

"BACK TO THE SHACK . . ."

War has taken Sapper W. A. Ratcliffe back to his birthplace in the East! He writes to his cousin at Birch Street, Nayland, Colchester, Essex:

Since the end of May I have done a "tour" of part of Libya and Egypt and have finished here in the Sudan, incidentally in my birthplace!

The trip down here was partly by Nile steamer, a very ancient looking craft with a paddle at the stern. A pleasant trip relieved by card-playing, reading and gossiping, with a sing-song at night under the full moon and the stars.

On the way here we passed through the district which is the home of the Fuzzie-Wuzzies of the "Four Feathers" fame. They are a proud race of fighters and they are true warriors.

When standing still they do it on one leg, ostrich fashion, which looks a bit queer. They all carry long knives, and I should hate to get into a heated argument with them.

★ *"EDDIE" is what squadron friends call Wing-Commander Hughie Idwal Edwards, V.C., D.F.C. But like other men who fly the Mosquito, fastest light reconnaissance bomber in the world, he is known in the R.A.F. as an "Electric Hare." You'll see why when you read the story of some of the most amazing of his exploits*

No Wonder Nazis Were Puzzled!

IMMORTALS OF THE SQUADRONS—5

☆

By JOHN CASHEL

FOR some time those wooden wonders—the Mosquito is actually largely made of wood—were one of the best shrouded mysteries of the war.

They streaked across Goering's "invincible" skies—often remarkably low; and so fast that the Germans regarded them as "ghost machines."

Bombs Away

No German fighters could catch them, and by the time *flak* got busy their bombs had fallen with bewildering surprise.

Which happens to be the part Wing Commander Edwards played with those hush-hush craft.

It is not the main story I have to tell of him, but he happened to be in that 100-bomber daylight raid that made a mess of the world's biggest radio valve works at Eindhoven, in Holland, early this month.

He led the Mosquitos of his squadron that went out with the Bostons and the new Venturas.

He has specialised in daylight bombing since the early war days. And not always in lightning machines like the Mosquito.

His part in one raid—which earned him the Victoria Cross—has become the classic of his squadron, one of the deeds that are going to rank as R.A.F. tradition.

A slower and therefore more hazardous flight, that. For he was in Blenheims, then.

A formation from 105 Squadron, led by Wing Commander "Eddie," had the job of shooting up Bremen—one of the most heavily defended German cities, and a vital port—from roof-top height.

And in daylight—just after dawn!

Some of the Blenheims had to dive under electric high-tension cables and telegraph and telephone wires, strands of which one aircraft brought home as a souvenir on its tail wheel!

A Rude Surprise

Many Bremeners doing their early morning 'phoning got a rude surprise as their calls were cut short.

Gaping and gasping pedestrians, cyclists and motorists scuttled to every point of cover as, amid the deafening roar of engines and explosions, the sleek bellies of the intruders almost grazed the chimney-tops.

Skill and daring had flown a substantial formation clean through one of the densest German balloon barrages!

No comparable exploit was ever attempted by the *Luftwaffe* over British soil.

Carefully the raiders noted the position of the balloon cables as they went in, and much data had been obtained beforehand to assist their eyesight.

Every little helped to perfect the minute plan.

All at once the tearing torrent of men and machines had not only to avoid the balloon cables, but to do so while passing through a wall of *flak*, dodging obstructions below, and steering clear of the effects of their bombs on factories, dock buildings, timber yards and a railway junction, as debris spouted up hundreds of feet above the bombers' path.

Smoke from fires started during a heavy night raid a few hours before by their big brothers added to the risks of the light bombers' aerobatic progress.

Everywhere else the Nazi gunners were helped by a cloudless sky.

Every 'plane was hit.

Wing Commander "Eddie" ducked his beneath a high-tension cable a moment before his companions thought he was on the point of crashing into it.

His starboard wing missed a pylon by an arm's length or two.

Fifty feet between 'plane and ground left little clearance for thinking, let alone for manœuvre. Moreover, his amazing dexterity was handicapped throughout the operation by a physical disability from a flying accident.

It was a supreme test of the airmen's nerve and skill.

They knew that if the Bremeners got the shake-up of their lives, the *flak* gunners were wide awake for anything that might be coming to them.

Though Wing Commander "Eddie" planned the raid himself, well knowing the risks and allowing for them all, luck could still play a decisive hand.

And to some extent it did.

Tree-top Height

For, before reaching the German coast several enemy ships sighted the formation, and the airmen knew these would be tapping out the warning so that every *flak* gunner would be waiting at his post.

The Blenheims' bold answer was to come down and race at tree-top height for fifty miles over land to their target, pitting their pace and low level against the gunners' chances of getting them in their sights.

This tactic served so well that only one of the lost aircraft went down outside that forest of fire, cables and wires over Bremen itself.

On the return trip, the twenty-six-year-old commander brought every one of his surviving machines safely home.

Wing Commander "Eddie" got a bronze Maltese Cross with "For Valour" inscribed on it; and later an "electric haredom" in a nice, brand-new Mosquito.

The Squadron can tell other stories of this indomitable airman.

Scraped Through

When he was based on courageous Malta he knew what it was like to charge at mast height into the teeth of *flak* with throttle full out and still wishing to be moving twice as fast.

Somehow he always scraped through.

Then, in June, 1941, he led a formation to the Dutch coast and "mixed it" with a convoy of eight merchantmen anchored three miles off The Hague where, you'll remember, the Germans a year before had done their best to trap the Dutch Royal Family.

Intense pom-pom and machine-gun fire stopped neither Wing Commander "Eddie" nor his men

He raked one 4,000-tonner with his forward guns, released his bombs from mast-high, and the direct hit sent debris high into the air from the severely damaged (and probably sunk) ship.

It was but one of his numerous missions against shipping and over enemy territory, culminating in the award of the D.F.C. for great leadership, skill and gallantry.

A husky fighter—and yet welfare he considers as important as anything else in squadron life, in or out of the air.

Unless men are happy and pulling together, he reasons, there can be no 100 per cent. efficiency among them, no teamwork

Wing Commander Edwards, V.C., D.S.O., with his wife and a friend —same breed as himself

ONCE MORE

CHRISTMAS comes once more in war time filled with Hope and Love to share. And on the World's Great Tree of Christmas each lamp that glows is someone's prayer. Lit with reverence and with longing, hung with thoughts of those afar, with every branch bathed in the Radiance of Christ's Love. The Fadeless Star.

LET us then behold His Promise on Life's Christmas Tree so bright, where our hearts are decorations pinned with Faith this Christmas Night. Let us spread its homely Message of the Human Family, in which we see Life's Sacred Purpose, the Babe upon its Mother's Knee.

SO we'll keep this War Time Christmas as Crusaders in Life's Fight, gathering round the Christmas Branches, kneeling in their healing light. Many loved ones are not with us, and Christmas seems in strange disguise, but the STAR OF PEACE is rising, to Shine in FUTURE CHRISTMAS SKIES. J. M.

Why ANDREWS is the Ideal Tonic Laxative

When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

2 ozs. 1/10½, including purchase tax

(27)

Put a damper on fuel-waste!

A large part of the average home's consumption of fuel goes in heating water, but a lot of good heat goes up the chimneys of badly-regulated boilers. Yet the average domestic boiler is scientifically designed and is capable of accurate adjustment.

What do I do?

I seek advice from the makers, or experiment myself, on the best setting of dampers to secure minimum fuel consumption.

I do *not* fill the boiler to the top and then "open everything" to race the fire up. I remember that the patriotic fire — whether in boiler or grate — is "low and slow."

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

LAST LAUGH

B. M. (Aldgate).—"Ask any boy in the East End who has won the most victories in this war and what answer will you get?" Arsenal.

MERCHANT (Manchester).—"When my wife needs a stern reprimand she gets it from me quickly." Then you ring off—also quickly.

MATRON (Kensington).—"And now for a year or so I won't be able to visit Italy." Never mind, perhaps your men folk will.

P. P. (London).—"I was with Wavell when he chased the Italians in North Africa, and I never saw a single one with a decoration or war ribbon of any kind." But you were not seeing much of the side of them where they are worn, were you?

G. L. (Gainsborough).—"When my terrier tackled a hedgehog he met more than his match." The hedgehog won on points?

P. P. (Aldershot).—"What sort of a life can Hitler and Mussolini look forward to?" At the best a life sentence

INVENTOR (Cardiff).—"I can refuel my fire by merely pressing a button." But what if your maid doesn't hear the bell?

G. G. (Glasgow).—"My friends think I'll become an M.P. one of these days." And are you going to stand for an insult like that?

W. B. (Motherwell).—"While my wife was serving coffee I accidentally threw my pay envelope into the fire, and was horrified to see the pound notes go up in flames." We presume your wife was blazing, too.

J. S. (Watford).—"When I told my wife I had made my will, leaving everything to her, do you know what she said?" She asked you what you were waiting for?

A. A. (Manchester).—"I married my shorthand typist." She is still taking you down?

R. G. (Gosport).—"What would be a good economy idea to begin in the New Year?" Start filling up last year's diary.

M. G. (Hampstead).—"As a printer of calendars I have had to work long hours recently, and my girl friend has been greatly annoyed because I couldn't meet her." No doubt she guessed you were putting other dates before hers.

B. G. (Woking).—"When my girl unwrapped the present I had bought her she was so annoyed at my choice she set about me." You took a packet?

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Hold on a minute! I wanna see whether we turn left here, or keep straight on."

RIDE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

. . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

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OF CHAIN FAME
COASTER HUB
FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or fitter.

for natural pedalling

YOU CAN MAKE LESS MARMITE GO FURTHER

it's so economical

Side-Slips

NEWCASTLE SUNDAY SUN:—"A FOOL Ministry inspector said. . . ."

RHYMNEY AND ABOIR VALLEYS WEEKLY ARGUS:—". . . For stealing a woman's handbag and its contents, value £2 10s., from a FISH at Caerphilly."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . who had a couple of bottles of rum and some BEAR."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"Sheriff —— said that conduct of this KING brought football into discredit."

DAILY SKETCH:—"It should not be difficult to ensure that a regular flow of goods is maintained—even to the small SHOES."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—". . . were summoned for CONTROLLING motor fuel other than for a journey in a permitted area."

GREATEST OF THESE

With spirits crushed and hope well nigh dead, William Perry appeals to us for help. In 1918 he came through a gas attack in France, since then he has been a continuous sufferer from bronchitis. For the last five years he has been unable to work at all during the winter, and his doctor now tells him that he is quite unfit for work.

His wife is unable to work outside the home, as she has been ailing for years. They have one son just left school.

This little family's total income is £1 13s. 6d., out of which they pay 10s. 1d. rent and 2s. 6d. insurance. How they live on the balance is an insolvable problem.

Will you try to help these distressed people? Donations, earmarked "Gassed," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses connected with the Fund are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,353

P. Warrender, 42, Farmile Road, Leyton, E.17, for this "Bullet":—

PLAN FOR VICTORY AND VICTOR — AND VICTIM!

£20: Mrs. Chessman, 199, Colinton Main Road, Edinburgh. While Dad's Home—Same Place, Some Place!

£10: R. Praed, Tregenna Place, St. Ives. Mouse Wishes—"Caesar's Hostile," Magic Carpet.

£5: W. E. Fenall, 13, Roslyn Avenue, Westdale Lane, Gedling, Notts. Picture Of The Future—"Release" Before "Shooting's" Finished!

£4: W. S. North, 45, Taunton Road, Bridgwater, Som. In Came The Browns And—The "Grease Just Boiled."

NEW YEAR CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£3: R. H. Coverley, 34, Bolsover Road, Sheffield. Hide! Snow And Ice—*Geese-day* Now? Duck! Run!

£2: W. Broughton, 6, Olivers Mount, Sheffield. Cousin Sam—"Topper"—Mates "High Hats."

£1a.: J. P. McLaughlin, 113, Wall Street, Camelon, Falkirk. Christmas Spirit—Everybody "Sparkling"—Nobody "Frosty."

£1a.: Mrs. E. Barker, 31, Nelson Road, Ilkley. Happy Family—Hitler's Photo, Poor Substitute.

£1a.: Miss Shorrell, 42, Parkstone Avenue, Parkstone. Conjurer Cupid—Makes Money Appear—Nothing!

£1a.: A. W. Mackail, 94, Woolwich Common, S.E.18. In Came The Browns And—Were Fireproof Clothing, Apparently!

£1a.: J. R. Boggs, 4, Lecarne Parade, Belfast. While Dad's Home—Allied Victories Family Stamp!

A list of 100 Winners of Christmas Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 208

WINNING WORDS:—1. Leader. 2. Dance. 3. Hunt. 4. Gulls. 5. Peanut. 6. Hive. 7. Bread. 8. Harlem. 9. Mint. 10. Sum. 11. Pests. 12. Hotel. 13. Inlet. 14. Master.

£100 SHARERS—Mrs. H. Harvey, Somewhere-in-Britain; W. Reddish, Cattle Market Lodge, Nottingham; A.C.2 R. F. Smith, Somewhere-in-Britain. Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 178 entrants.

PIONEERS of PROGRESS

Sir Richard Arkwright

(1732–1792)

Of humble origin, the youngest of thirteen children, Arkwright will ever be famous as the inventor of the spinning frame. After years of opposition from jealous rivals no less than from those who feared inventions, Arkwright emerged triumphant.

When Arkwright, the eighteen-year-old barber, started on a line of thought that would transform industry, he was subjected to the mockery that is the reward of the pioneer.

When in 1844 those few weavers in Rochdale conceived the idea of co-operation, it may well be believed that the proprietors of established business in the town made merry at the idea of a new manner of trading. Yet from those small beginnings has grown a way of life that has added to the happiness and security of millions.

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GX 1550 F

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..more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times: if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

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Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals: you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

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Phillips TONIC YEAST **—It's LIFE ITSELF!**

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR PRIZES!

£125 Awards value £25 between Runners-up £100 CASH for XWORDS £50 4lb NEW YEAR CAKES ONE WITH EACH RUNNER-UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 385 Result—page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No 308

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 IT'S RIGHT PEOPLE SHOULD BE PARTICULARLY CHARY ABOUT	L FT			
2 ORANGES AND LEMONS ARE INVALUABLE AS THIS IS SOME ILLNESSES	CUR			
3 MANY A WILD BEAST SEEMS TO BE QUITE AT HOME IN	AIR			
4 IT ISN'T WISE TO WORK THIS TILL WORN OUT	P N			
5 HAVING TO HEAT HEAVY BALLS CAUSES MANY A WOMAN TO BECOME	PA ER			
6 SOME MEN THINK THIS HAS CONSIDERABLE FOOD VALUE	MIL			
7 IT'S IMPORTANT WE MAKE USE OF THIS TO-DAY	OR			
8 YOU GENERALLY EXPECT GOOD ONE TO GO FAIRLY FAST	MA E			
9 IT'S INTERESTING IF YOU GET THIS IN OLD-FASHIONED PICTURE ALBUM	EEP			
10 JUDGE GETS WEARY OF COUNSEL WHO DOES THIS IN COURT	PRO ES			
11 SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO LIKE MAKING BIG SPLASH WITH	AR			
12 MAY EXPLODE SUDDENLY	MIN			
13 ASSOCIATED WITH ONE OVER THE EIGHT	INE			
14 GARDENER WILL HANDLE HOSE CAREFULLY BARROW THAT IS	LOA ED			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Jan. 16

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JAN. 4,

Signed .....

Address .....

388.

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8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each clue paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated January 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

FIRST BULLETS PRIZES 1943!

FIRST PRIZE £50 £200 25 FREE 4lb New Year CAKES

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 £1 10/- 5/- 4/- 3/- 2/- 1/- 6d.

1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Jan. 15.

TO WIN THE PEACE
SOMETHING TO FIGHT FOR
THANKS TO BEVERIDGE
NO MAN
ROUND THE CORNER
THE HARD TRUTH
FRIGHTENS NOBODY
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
SOUND EDUCATION
A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

BULLETS 1,353 RESULT appears on page 14

WORK AND WORRY
IN PAIN
MUST GO ON
WHEN WE GET OLD
LOOKS BLACK
FATHER'S MOTTO
AT A STANDSTILL
HE'S THE BOSS, BUT
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS
FROM START TO FINISH

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

YEAR OF.....
WARNING FOR.....
MODEL.....
WORTHY OF.....
MAN WHO CAN.....
LOOKING INTO THE.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated January 16.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
Closing Postmark Monday, Jan. 4. 1,356

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,356 or Xword No. 388, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

THINK IN-STEAD

USE **STEAD** RAZOR BLADES

VENO'S LIGHTNING **COUGH CURE** WILL **STOP THAT COUGH**

SOLD EVERYWHERE

1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

Read This If You Love Your Child

Many mothers actually risk their children's health without realising it—by giving them harsh laxatives to take.

What you should do instead, is give the marvellous "natural" laxative 'California Syrup of Figs.' Child specialists advise it whenever children are out of sorts.

For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a delicious laxative, so natural, yet so certain. Children love it. And what it does is beyond belief. That pale, sickly look vanishes. Energy and life return and your child is well and rosy cheeked again.

Insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere. 1/4 and 2/6. Get some to-day.

WOBBLY FALSE TEETH?

Try this Dentist's formula for holding a denture as steady as a rock. It's new—it's different. Get a tube of 'Dentesive' from your chemist. Squeeze a little on your plate—*then forget you have one!* Eat anything. Laugh and talk without restraint—your plate stays tightly in place, comfortably cushioned upon happy gums. 'Dentesive' is the *improved* and better type fixative now being recommended by thousands of Dentists. *Guaranteed* comfort and security. Price 7½d. and 1/3.

Dentesive

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura OINTMENT

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/6 and 2/10. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

If you have a radio set you'll want a copy of this book. 40 pages of helpful hints and tips on the care and simple servicing of your set. It will help you to "Keep it Going" during war-time

PRICE · SIXPENCE

From all **MURPHY DEALERS**

If your Murphy dealer has closed or you are unable to locate him please write direct to Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C. 104

The Spirit of Raleigh

Now, as four hundred years ago, the spirit of Raleigh is the spirit of England, and never was it more plainly evidenced than in our sea-borne air arm.

Whatever the odds, the courage and high purpose of these heroes cannot fail to hasten Victory.

To-day the Raleigh Cycle contributes to Britain's prodigious effort by providing care-free transport for the War-workers, thus conserving time and energy for the Nation's business.

The modern Raleigh Bicycle means dependable, care-free transport for all. Just an occasional drop of oil in the right places will keep it running sweetly for years.

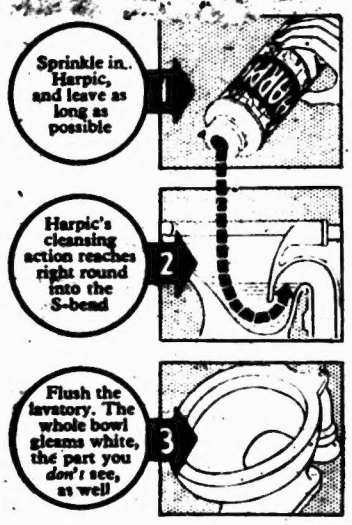
RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

RNSOA

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., LENTON NOTTINGHAM

HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
3

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan.

Start Your New Year Healthy & Radiant

NOW'S the time to start with Bile Beans if you want to look and feel better in the year ahead. For Bile Beans give you that 'inner health' which is reflected in outer beauty, a lovely complexion, sparkling eyes and radiant health.

Bile Beans act in nature's way—they tone up digestion, purify and enrich the blood and daily cleanse the system of all fat-forming waste.

By Taking *Purely Vegetable*

BILE BEANS

Regularly at Bedtime

In GREECE *then* . . . *In* ENGLAND *now*

When people remember Athens they will remember delicious Arné Ppsetó Tés Sováas (roasted lamb on a spit) with black olives and then the purple figs . . . and also there will be memories of tasty potato dishes. Lucky for us that today we can learn potato cookery from the Greeks. In London the other day at an International Cookery Competition Greek chefs won the 1st prize for their Potato Musaka (recipe below). It's a grand filling dish for a cold day.

POTATO MUSAKA

1½ lb. potatoes, 2 heaped teaspoonfuls flour, 1½ teacups milk, 1 dried egg mixed with water. 4 oz. grated cheese, 3 oz. mashed potato, 2 peeled, sliced tomatoes, 1 onion or leek or carrot, chopped parsley, pepper, nutmeg, 1 oz. margarine. Make a sauce with flour, ½ oz. margarine, milk. Make stuffing with mashed potato, chopped onion, parsley, salt, pepper, nutmeg, cheese, ½ oz. margarine. Peel and slice potatoes very thinly. Place a layer in fire-proof dish. Place stuffing on potatoes, then egg and sliced tomatoes, repeat 2 more layers, leaving potatoes on top. Pour in sauce. Bake in moderate oven for 30-35 minutes.

Potatoes are part of the battle

P.O

SHE IS VERY, VERY WONDERFUL

Erdington,
Dear Sirs, Oct. 26th, 1942.

On the 11th of this month my mother was 91, and I can confidently say, has taken your Yeast-Vite tablets on and off for the past two years.

Apart from helping to pull her through a very bad illness two years ago, they have done very much for her, and when she is down in the dumps they always buck her up and bring back her lagging appetite. The moment she is poorly she takes your tablets.

I am certain it is due to Yeast-Vite that she is very, very wonderful and well.

Thanking you again.
(Sgd.) Miss H.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Dear Sirs, Oct. 22th, 1942.
I am a great believer in your Yeast-Vite Tablets, and I can say they have done wonders to prevent sickness from shock and pains in the head. I have told my friends to take them for sick headaches and lots of other troubles. *(Sgd.) Mrs. G. T.*

Liverpool, 4.
Dear Sirs, Oct. 25th, 1942.
I have been taking your Yeast-Vite tablets for the last nine months. I find they have given me great relief, as I had been suffering from head pains and indigestion. Now, the moment I have any sign of this I take a couple of your Yeast-Vite tablets, and I am a new woman. They certainly have proved a boon to me. (Sgd.) Miss M. F

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, and in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

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